

Week ending November 15 1958

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The Cover



YES, there's trouble in the cards tonight—and it doesn't need a clairvoyant to tell which tall dark handsome man is going to be cross with which fair lady. Which all goes to show that marriage partners shouldn't always lay their cards on the table, particularly if the husband knows how to call a spade a spade. . . . "But how can he stay angry for long," asks cover artist Batchelor, "when his wife looks like a girl with her heart in the right place—at any other time but this?"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL and ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Living Room

WHEN will architects realize that women are people? In most average-priced houses, for example, the husband gets a garage or workshop. A little farther up the price range he gets a study—or the architect might throw in one of those useless extra bathrooms.

Children begin, quite rightly, to look upon their bedrooms as private domains almost as soon as they are old enough to talk.

But all mother has is the kitchen—and she can never keep anybody out of that.

Luckily my husband is both sympathetic and a handyman. He's building me a shed at the bottom of the garden which I shall carpet and furnish and decorate with a big notice "Keep away. Mother resting." —J. C., Sheepcote Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

Costly Buses

I prefer to travel to work in London by bus rather than by underground train, but it proves very much more expensive. There are no season tickets on buses—only on the underground.

Recently London Transport began issuing "Red Rover" tickets from underground stations, to be used for Saturday or Sunday travel anywhere on buses.

Why, then, can't they make weekly or monthly season tickets available and do away with the bias against the bus traveller?—L. J., Winchmore Hill, London.

"Impracticable," says London Transport, "because of the large number of points between which they would be needed." They are available on some Green Line coach routes, but use is restricted to one return journey a day on six days a week.

Most provincial bus companies, with fewer routes, issue season tickets.

Street Pride

A Devonshire local authority has asked children to suggest names for new streets. What a splendid idea. It will encourage youngsters to take an interest in civic developments.

One can imagine, in years to come, a man or woman pointing to a certain street and saying: "I chose the name for that one!"—MRS. M. SOWERSBY, West Street, Southend-on-Sea.

K.O. To Boxing

I have always disliked boxing, on the ground that basically it is a brutal sport. But I thought it justified itself because it taught the art of self-defence. Now I am asking myself whether even that proposition is valid.

The other day I was talking to a prominent professional wrestler, who taught unarmed combat to commandos during the war. He said that as a means of self-defence boxing is ludicrous. No boxer, he told me, could "live" in the ring for a minute with a competent wrestler. And no ordinary citizen, trying to defend himself with his fists, would stand a chance against a man who knows a few elementary "throws."

If this is so, are we right to allow men to hammer each other about

for public entertainment—and to fill the pockets of grasping promoters? —G. A., Doncaster.

She Returned

I own one of the few Fairmile type of small craft which returned from



the St. Nazaire raid (JOHN BULL, October 18).

Here is a picture of her—the battlescarred M.L.160, now permanently moored on the peaceful River Looe, Cornwall.—J. S., Edington, Westbury, Wiltshire.

M.L.160 was commanded by Lieutenant Tom Boyd, R.N.V.R., who received one of the four D.S.O.s awarded after the raid.

Not So Capital

How pompous and parochial Londoners are! They sit in their smog-encrusted ivory towers, boasting about how "on the spot" they are for culture and sport and how "nearer the centre of things" London is.

The fact is that life in the provinces is ten times as full and rich. The people are people, not just "bodies" you pass in the street; here you can build up real relationships, not just acquaintances.

We're rich in sports clubs and social clubs, and for entertainment—why, we get most of the good films and shows before they even reach London.

Londoners seem to have allowed their historic stone walls to become a prison. They should sometimes venture outside—and start living!—G. FOSTER, Leeds.

Pram Memory

I astonished my mother by describing accurately the kitchen of the house where I was born, although we left it when I was less than two years old. And I can clearly remember sitting in my pram.

How far back can our memories reach.—S. BURNISTON, Austwick, Settle.

"Usually to about the third birthday," says a consultant. "However, it's not unusual to come across cases of much earlier memories."

Another Name

One of my friends has a "double-barrelled" surname, having linked his own with that of his wife. And he tells me that there is no law which obliges a woman to adopt her husband's name.

If this is so, it should be comforting to a girl who is about to marry a man with a comic name.

I am wondering how many married women do retain their maiden names.—O. R., Wallasey.

"Whether married or not, people can adopt any name they like," says a barrister. "It would be an

offence only if a name were used to perpetrate a fraud."

Many married women retain their maiden names. Example: Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., keeps hers in public and private life.

The Exceptions

My wife and I will soon sail home to South Africa after a year in Britain. We have met friendliness from all those whose business it is to serve the public—with one exception.

Perhaps we have been unfortunate, but we have never yet come across a bus conductor who was anything but surly and unco-operative.

We know that their job is among the most demanding of all. But is it really necessary for them to gloat over the phrase: "Full up, no room"?

The day we arrived in London we were roundly abused by a conductor because (through ignorance) we rang the bell before reaching what we now know as a compulsory stop.

That set the pattern as far as we were concerned—a pattern practically without variation. —ROBIN SHORT, Hyde Park Street, London, W.2.

Phone Pain

It is a simple matter to check most household accounts. But try to check the telephone account and you get nowhere.

For years I have noted all my



calls. But my record never agrees with that of the G.P.O. I have been as many as eighty calls out in a half-year.

The rule that the customer is always right does not apply here. I must pay up, for apparently the G.P.O. cannot be wrong.—M. M., Greenock.

"We're not often wrong," says the G.P.O., "for local calls are electrically recorded. But when subscribers feel there has been an error they should see the local telephone manager. He will always make a careful investigation."

Who Governs?

Now that Parliament is sitting again, I am wondering who really governs this country—M.P.s or civil servants.

We know that answers to Parliamentary questions are written by civil servants. The ministers merely read them to the House. They are even provided with ready-made reports to any possible supplementary questions that may be asked.

The same applies to major ministerial speeches. They are the work of permanent officials. Does not all this turn our elected representatives into mere figureheads?

There is a tradition that the

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

Sovereign never interferes in political matters. Soon it may become an established fact that ministers do not do so, either.—D. H. S., Cardiff.

Unfair Fines

The law recognizes graduated income tax to match people's ability to pay, so why not recognize this principle in the courts?

It has often struck me as absurd to fine a wealthy man £2 for speeding and to make a not so well-to-do offender pay the same.

This isn't making one law for the rich and another for the poor; it's the same law, but a fairer system of meting out punishment.

It is one instance where means tests would be a good thing.—S. R., Winchester.

Rent Days

As a public servant, I would like to know which local authorities provide rent-free housing for their staffs ("Free Speech," October 25).

It is now common for authorities to provide homes as an inducement to officers who are asked to move from one part of the country to another.

Some of these may be rent free, because of the nature of the work of those occupying them. But the

vast majority are rented in a normal manner.

An increasing number of authorities are charging their staffs economic rents and these may be considerably more than rents paid by other tenants for similar accommodation.—J. S. TALBOT, Wellesley Avenue, Walmer, Deal, Kent.

"Most local authorities provide rent-free houses for officers who must live near their jobs," says Nalgo. "Houses are sometimes offered as an inducement to attract key men."

House Full

The only live theatre in Sunderland reopened recently after being closed for a considerable time. On visiting it, I was surprised to find every seat taken. I wonder whether television can be stimulating interest in the stage—perhaps at the expense of the cinema.—R. HALL, Honister Drive, Fulwell, Sunderland.

Experience Needed

The employer who says that young graduates are short of initiative ("Free Speech," October 25) should realize that the universities cannot give them experience. But he can do just that—if he is patient.

He is quite wrong if he imagines

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● Variety of design in home-laid floors has been difficult to achieve up to now, with only squares of varying sizes to use. Now two new shapes to experiment with are on the market. The first comes from Catesby's, the linoleum specialists of Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1, who are supplying strips of linoleum in several colours, 9 in., 12 in. or 18 in. wide. The price is 21s. a square yard, and you can buy strips cut to any length you like. The strips have the advantage that they are much easier for the handyman to handle and lay than large unwieldy sheets. They can also be laid in interesting combinations with strips in varied colours laid straight or diagonally across the room with other strips used to form a border.

● The second new shape flooring is in small Swedish vinyl plastic tiles called Nylettes, which look like a triangle with the top chopped off. Two of them make up a square. Laid by themselves or in conjunction with square tiles, Nylettes can be used for all kinds of floor patterns. Made by Holmsund Flooring, Ltd., 26 Calthorpe Street, London, W.C.1, in the same twenty-one colours as their standard vinyl tiles, Nylettes cost 27s. 2d. a square yard.

● Price corrections. Fablon and Con-Tact self-adhesive plastic film both cost 3s. 9d. a yard, eighteen inches wide, not 1s. 9d. as quoted in JOHN BULL AND ILLUSTRATED, October 25. "Loyalty Wallpaper Protective Coating," made by John Line for waterproofing wallpaper, in a gloss finish, costs 56s. 3d. a gallon, not 31s. 6d. as quoted.

● Cold sheets are no longer a hardship when you have Eureka, the new non-electric bed-warmer. This smooth, circular, polished steel bed-warmer is heated in a novel way—you boil it in a pan

of water for half an hour. This charges it with enough heat to maintain an even temperature of 140-160 deg. F. for twenty-four hours or eight hours if you leave it out in the open. Child-proof, fool-proof, fire-proof, the Eureka costs 47s. 6d., from the Army & Navy Stores, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

● If runners on your drawers are worn, causing the drawers to stick, rub them with candle-grease. This should make the drawers run freely again.

● It is expensive to leave electric fires or radiators on all day when you are out, but it is also depressing to come back in the evening to a freezing house, and have to spend half an hour huddled in an overcoat until it has warmed up. Hursel have provided the answer to this problem of working couples—a time-twitch control, which will switch on up to 15 amp. up to twelve hours after you leave the house. Set it to five thirty when you leave in the morning, and you can return to a house as warm as toast at half past six. Details from Hursel, Ltd., 229 Regent Street, London, W.1, or your local stockist. The time switch costs £2 19s. 6d.

CAN I HELP?

I like to hear about other people's homes. If you have ideas to share with other readers please send them to me, with photographs or rough drawings where possible. If you have a home-making problem I shall be glad to help you if you will write to me, Roger Smithells, c/o JOHN BULL AND ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

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Free Speech

continued from page 4

that ability to absorb knowledge is all that is required to gain a degree.

These men have learned to apply their knowledge. They are not fools. Therefore they are unlikely to rush in where angels fear to tread.

I have employed graduates and they are always told: "When in doubt, tap on my door and let us work out the problem together. It's much better to ask and be right, than to act on your own and be wrong."

An employer can make young executives afraid to ask for advice, thus forcing them to make decisions which may be quite wrong.

But their errors do not arise because they cannot think. They are the result of not having sufficient facts to think upon.—R. H. Hershman, Walton-on-Thames.

No Courtesy

My cousin from Australia has been doing a good deal of motoring in this country. He complains bitterly about our cyclists. They show no road courtesy, he says.

In Australia, cyclists are not allowed to ride two or more abreast, although that is allowed here. He thinks it time we applied a similarly stringent traffic regulation.

As I am both a cyclist and a motorist, I am not biased in favour of either party. But I feel that my cousin may be right.—M. S. P., Hants.

"Australian traffic regulations vary between the states," says an official of Australia House. "But in most of them cyclists are not allowed to ride abreast."

And our Ministry of Transport says: "Riding side by side is only an offence if obstruction can be proved. But, in our guidance to cyclists, they are asked never to ride more than two abreast."

Weighty Knowledge

I sometimes watch children walking to school, lugging their satchels. One day, out of curiosity, I tested the weight of a girl's bag. It scaled about fourteen pounds.

Such a weight may be nothing to a man or a growing lad. But



to a girl of thirteen or fourteen it can be a considerable burden.

Considering the amount of money spent on child welfare, it seems strange that there is no check on the load of books carried by children on their way to and from school.—J. C. FERGUSON, Bellrock Street, Cranhill, Glasgow.

Dreary Planners

In every part of the country architects are seeking to build the sort of houses their clients want. But too often they are baulked by amateur planning committees, who insist on dreary traditional designs.

Therefore it is quite wrong to suggest that architects need to be forced to build up-to-date homes (Free Speech, October 11).

Building societies, too, are prejudiced against anything new.

Small wonder, then, that some people prefer to buy derelict cottages.—EUAN COLAM, McLaren Road, Edinburgh, 9.

THE GUINNESS POPULARITY POLL



"About the same time that I smoked my first pipe.

I was just at the age when you'll try anything once. I expect I wanted to see if Guinness was as remarkable as they said it was. It didn't take me long to realise that Guinness was a wonderful drink. And I've never ceased to think so."

Getting a taste for the good things of life is all part of growing up. Once you learn to appreciate Guinness, you drink it often; not only because you like it but because it likes you. And all around you, you will find other people drinking it, too. The popularity of Guinness is well deserved, and it's growing all the time.

TODAY -

DROP IN AT YOUR

LOCAL FOR

A GUINNESS



or take

some home

tonight

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GUINNESS
—in bottles, in cans, or on draught

As soon as he saw the two men approaching him down the path from Poldewey village to the beach, Jackie Chenarworth knew there might be trouble. He glanced quickly at his daughter Grace, at the far side of the jetty, pushing into the basket of her bicycle the vacuum flask in which she had brought him tea. She had not yet noticed the two newcomers, and Jackie found himself wishing she'd hurry with what she was doing and move away.

The two figures climbing down to the jetty where he sat with his lobster pots were not local men—they were not even from the nearby town of Pentree, farther inland along the narrow windswept little peninsula. People in that part of the world didn't wear long jackets and tight trousers and expensive hats.

"Better look slippy and be getting back," Jackie called out, and the girl looked up and smiled.

"Going now," she said.

Jackie nodded, saying nothing, his hands moving swiftly over the fish-heads and the pieces of sharpened stick with which he secured the bait inside the baskets. The smell of the wind that pushed the waves obliquely on to the sharply shelving beach told him he was going to have a rough trip, and he cursed under his breath at the faulty engine which had kept him back when the other lobster boats left.

Grace had noticed the two men now. She stood looking towards them, wondering who they were. The beach was deserted except for a group of gulls squatting hunchbacked along the line of the tide, and a solitary oystercatcher paddling in the shallows by the rocks.

Jackie lifted his head again and squinted upwards under the brim of his old stained hat. The two men were now almost at the bottom of the cliff and for the first time in his calm life Jackie began to wish the other fishermen were about. It was not often he asked for company; but with the village out of sight over the crest of the hill and only the church spire visible, he felt suddenly as old as his sixty-odd years and in need of people around him.

The two men were on the beach now and approaching him across the soft, wet sand. As they drew closer Jackie saw they were only youngsters, but there was something in their faces he never saw in the faces of the local boys, the mean look of people who always peered out of dark corners.

They approached the old man and the girl and stopped in front of them, their city suits incongruous among the lobster pots and the untended boats and the low line of black granite cliffs.

"How about a sail, Dad?" one of them asked in a voice that was as thin and sharp as a skewer.

"My boat's not for hire," Jackie kept his eyes on his work, but he noticed Grace had moved closer to him.

"Who said anything about hiring it?" the newcomer said. "I didn't. Did you, Shorty?"

The second man, a squat youngster with vague, vacant eyes, grinned confidently. "Not me, Cal. Maybe the old man don't hear good."

The first of the men, Cal, looked again at Jackie, who kept his eyes down, stolidly working on the lobster pots. "We want to get outa here," he said. "Quick. We want you to take us."

Jackie slowly raised his head. His eyes moved deliberately towards Grace, whose features had gone suddenly stiff and frightened. "Can't," he said. "Engine's conked. That's why I'm here. The rest of 'em went without me."

"Yeah," Cal said. "We watched 'em

go. But your engine's all right now. We heard you get her going and keep her going. Now, what about that trip?"

He took his hands out of his pockets and let them hang at his side in a way that seemed a threat. "Don't try to put us off, Dad," he said. "She'll do fine."

He stood over Jackie, black-browed and shaggy-haired, his mouth a tight line.

"Weather's bad," Jackie said slowly.

"Brother—" it was the second one, Shorty, who spoke this time—"a bit of weather don't worry me. Not after last night."

"That's it—" Cal swung round on him—"tell him all about it."

THEY were nervous and strung up to the point of quarrelling. Jackie waited patiently, a big man, shapeless in his shabby blue jersey, still stolidly picking up his pieces of stick, thrusting them through the fish-heads and jamming them into the wickerwork of the baskets. Beside him, his daughter stood slim and straight in her old mackintosh, the colour whipped into her cheeks by the wind.

"Right," Cal said. "Let's go."

"My boat's conked, I said," Jackie looked up at last and spoke stubbornly. Although his heart was beating uncomfortably fast, he felt he must assert himself, show a little strength in front of the girl who trusted him. He owed her so much happiness. She had arrived in the world when he was no longer young, and he was constantly filled with the desire that she should not have to regard him as an old man and an encumbrance. His fear of not being good enough for her had always been real, but never so much as now.

"Dad," Cal was saying. "Ten miles down the coast there's St. Katt's. We want to get there. Lots of people there. They won't notice two more. Besides, there's lots of roads out of St. Katt's; there's only one outa here."

Jackie sat still but his hands had stopped at last. He rose slowly

watching the two youths, a piece of sharpened stick in one of those great brown fists of his, a grimy fish-head in the other. His calm old eyes stared back at them unafraid.

"I ain't going," he said slowly.

"Listen, Pop—" Shorty took up from Cal in high nervous tones as Jackie made no attempt to move—"if we want you to go, we can make you, see?"

Grace gasped, and Jackie saw without surprise that a gun had appeared.

Cal knocked the weapon down quickly. "Put it away, you fool," he snapped. "You're a sight too smart with that thing."

He turned to Jackie. "Take no notice of him, Dad," he said. "I'm running this show, not him, and I say there's going to be no shooting. Not if you behave. But I've got other methods, make no mistake. Ever had a good hiding, for instance? A real one? So you get taken to hospital? A few teeth missing and a busted nose? Now get in that boat and let's go."

GRACE's eyes flickered to her father's, and because of her Jackie felt himself growing hard and stubborn.

"What if I won't?"

"No question of 'won't'," Cal indicated Grace. "She'd better come, too. We don't want her belting it back up there as soon as we've gone so they pick us up the other end."

"She's not going. . . ." Jackie stepped forward angrily, and Cal's hand came round in a vicious slap that brought blood to his mouth.

"That's just to let you know we mean business," Cal said. "Next time it'll be her."

Jackie had stopped dead, his head

ringing, dizzy with the pain and the anger that flooded over him. He drew a deep breath and his big chest heaved, then Grace grabbed his arm and pulled him round.

"Shut up, Father," she said sharply, commanding. "Do as they say. I'll be all right."

Cal grinned at her. "Sensible," he said.

OLD Jackie slowly wiped away the blood with the back of his hand. Anger was still seething inside him, and a futile, frustrated bitterness that the strength which would once have made light of these two young cockchafers, weapons and all, had been drained away by the years, and those great bones of his were bent now and brittle.

Slowly, watched by his daughter and the two men, he stooped to pick up his hat from the stones where it had fallen and, brushing off the fine grains of sand, he put it back on his head without speaking and moved towards his boat, humiliated and sickened by his own helplessness.

"That's better. Now you," Jackie heard Cal say.

Grace staggered heavily against him before Cal's push, and Jackie felt the prickle of tears in his eyes as he realized he could do nothing about it; that suddenly, almost without his noticing, he had become too slow, too heavy, to be able to retaliate.

He bent over the engine, numb with shame, trying to avoid looking at Grace as she climbed into the boat beside him, and the engine coughed as he swung the starting handle. The two youths settled themselves in the bows, their eyes firmly fixed on him, and he leaned forward and with a flick

DANGEROUS WATERS

by JOHN HARRIS
ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

Somehow, for the sake of his
these young toughs. But what



Grace gasped as a revolver appeared. "Listen, Pop," said the youth. "If we want you to go we can *make* you, see?"

daughter, old Jackie must outwit
use was a stick against a gun?

Dangerous waters

continued from page 8

of his wrist freed the bow rope from the bollard on the quay.

"Okay," Cal said. "That's the way, Dad! Now, if you want to be helpful, we'll try to be friendly. Let's see how quick we can do them ten miles, eh? Keep an eye on him, Shorty, while I enjoy the trip from up here."

THE first slash of water whipped across the boat as they poked their nose out of the little bay, and Jackie knew immediately that he had underestimated the strength of the wind. The bow rose abruptly as they left the lee of the rocks and dipped into a wave that was sizzling towards the shore in a green-grey hillock veined with white. The spray swung low across them in fine stinging spots and the self-satisfied look on Shorty's face changed immediately to one of alarm.

"Here, steady on," he said loudly. He brushed the water from his smart suit and glared towards the stern at Jackie and the girl, and the old man for the first time felt a measure of satisfaction through his blind, humiliated rage.

Three waves later the boat did the same again and the spray slashed across once more. Shorty dusted the water off his suit again and glared at Jackie. "Steady on, I said," he snapped.

Cal turned on him angrily. "He can't help it, can he?" he said. "You never been in a boat before?"

There was another wave coming towards them, a big one, and almost without thinking, Jackie leaned maliciously against the tiller and turned the bow slightly so that the spray came across again and the boat gave a vicious lurch as it slid over the crest. Grace accepted the lash of the water without comment, merely pushing the wet strands of hair from her face, and Jackie touched her arm apologetically.

"Sorry," he said humbly.

The two youths in the bow eyed each other silently for a moment, then Cal spoke. "You ain't doing that on purpose, are you?" he growled.

"Sea's rough," Jackie said, feeling the salt water smarting on the cut on his lip. He waited patiently for the next wave and put his weight heavily on the tiller once more.

CAL wiped away the water that sluiced across his face and glanced at Shorty, then, without a word, they moved farther aft towards the waist of the boat and took up new positions. By the time the boat had gone half a mile there were dark patches of damp on their clothes and they had moved still farther aft so that now they sat just in front of Jackie, trying to get a scrap of shelter from the water and the biting wind on the leeside of the wooden engine housing.

Jackie was feeling a little better now. He glanced at Grace and saw from the look in her eyes as she tried to smile at him that she knew what he was doing and why, and he found a grim satisfaction in the knowledge that the other two were hating every second of it.

He glanced down at them from the shadow under the brim of his hat and saw with a sudden tremendous joy that Shorty's face had grown pale. His skin had a transparent look about it under the drops of seawater, and his eyes, suddenly large and luminous, stared longingly at the land on their bow.

Cal was still watching everything that went on, but without the same fierce intensity. Jackie found himself praying to the Lord to provide him with some sort of plan—any sort of plan to take advantage of their discomfort. If only he had had a weapon he might have overpowered them then and there before they could use the gun.

Grace was sitting beside him, watching the swing of the water, and she looked up unexpectedly. "Better get

farther out, Father," she said. "The wind's pushing us on-shore."

Jackie looked at her quickly. There was no real need to go farther out to sea—he had skirted the point closer than this in worse weather, and he knew every trick of the wind and tide for the whole length of the coast. In the deeper water the waves would come harder and heavier and the wind would be on the beam, something Jackie would normally avoid at all costs.

For a moment he couldn't make out what Grace was getting at, for she knew the moods of the sea almost as well as he did himself. Then, as the boat lurched and plunged violently into a deep, green trough and the water came sheeting over into their faces, he knew she was trying to tell him that he had that weapon he was seeking, right there in his hand already—the finest weapon any fisherman could wish for, his own boat.

He glanced at his daughter and saw her eyes were bright. He felt a fierce surge of pride in her that almost choked him and, eyeing his passengers, he cautiously advanced the throttle, exulting in the girl's discovery, though there

up, however, his eyes still firmly fixed on Jackie.

"Sick," he said derisively. "No sailor."

But his words were clipped and short, as though he couldn't trust himself to say much. "Can't you do anything about it?" he went on between his teeth as the boat rolled again.

"You picked it," Jackie said. "I can't help the sea."

Cal looked hard at Jackie, obviously not entirely satisfied, and the old man stared ahead again, his eyes on the line of rough water that stretched from the point across the bay. He was silently praying that Cal's stomach was not as tough as Cal, and that when they left the shelter of the point and met the full force of the blow, he might begin to feel like his companion.

GRACE put out a hand to keep her balance, as the boat swung. For a moment it touched her father's and Jackie sensed that whatever he did she would agree to it.

"What you do that's so important you got to get away?" he asked Cal in his thick West Country accent.

Cal looked up at him and glanced at Shorty, who was lying limply across the thwart.

"Don't you even listen to your radio, Dad?" he asked, and there was

in case you start getting ideas above yer station, Dad."

They were approaching the rougher water now and Jackie could feel the wind colder and wetter on his cheek as they nosed out of the shelter of the point. Grace's face had a pinched look and Jackie realized she wasn't dressed for a trip like this. The boat swung more violently and Cal was flung sideways. Shorty had slipped to the floorboards now, no longer interested in what was going on around him.

"Suppose I don't want to put you ashore?" Jackie questioned.

Cal stared at him for a long time and there was a hard viciousness about his young eyes that chilled the old man. "You're not in it at all, Dad," he said. "I hold all the cards, see?"

Not all of them, not all of them, Jackie thought as they hit the first of the rougher water and the boat plunged wickedly. *I've got one of the aces.*

But it was only when they had gone another quarter of a mile that he began to realize just how over-optimistic he had been about the wind. He could see none of the other lobster boats, and he guessed they had run before the blow into St. Katt's for shelter. He eyed the shore and saw they were gradually drifting nearer to it.

He could hear the flywheel, spinning steadily in the engine housing, beginning to throw spray up now from the water that sloshed ankle deep along the bottom of the boat, peeling the fish scales and bits of bait from the plank. He glanced at Grace, but her face was expressionless and for a moment he felt afraid as he knew she must be.

"Ought to bale a bit," he said quickly and Grace found the old saucepan he used and started to scoop out the water, working silently, her face still blank, trusting him, knowing he knew the sea better than the land.

"That won't be enough," Jackie said pointedly, glancing at Cal.

Cal stared at him suspiciously, then he stirred Shorty. "Come on, you," he said. "You got to bale. We're sinking or something."

SHORTY turned unhappy eyes to him and reached unsteadily for a tin that was floating by his feet.

"Faster than that," Jackie's voice rose irritably at Shorty's listless movements. "That's no good at all."

"Faster than that!" Cal passed on the order sharply. "Ain't you got any sense?"

Shorty began to throw water over the side more quickly, drenched and spluttering as it blew back into his face.

"It's not going fast enough," Grace said, one eye on the rocks on their beam, and for the first time Jackie felt uneasy.

"Ain't enough to drown a fly what he's throwing out," he said.

"You telling me what to do?" Cal's eyes were bright and hard as he sensed he was losing control of the situation. "I'm the one who gives orders, see?"

Jackie shrugged. "Suit yourself. Can you swim? We can."

Cal's eyes showed a momentary flicker of fear, then his glance covered the bottom of the boat. "What'll I bale with?" he asked.

"I've used me hat before now."

"I paid five nicker for this hat."

"More you pay for 'em, the more they hold, I find."

Cal took off the dark hat he had jammed down over his ears as they left the shadow of the land. He stared at it in his hands for a second, then dipped it fiercely into the water and dragged it along the bottom boards. As it came up, dripping, its smooth felt soiled by scales and fish gurry, Jackie suddenly felt more cheerful.

Shorty had stopped baling as they turned the point under the cloud of gulls which whirled round the rock face, their cries echoing down to the boat where it swung on the black, whipped water that surged backwards and forwards and exploded out of the sea-worn caverns. His eyes were staring down into the opaque oily troughs with an expression of dread.

"Bloke from the beach had his

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TOWARDS

SNOWDROPS



Now as the autumn's last late flowers
Murmur of winter and all flowers gone
The mournful face of their fading dowers
The heart with a moment to feast upon.

For suddenly I remember snowdrops,
Seeing a daisy clenched and white;
And the mood of the day is a man who stops
Short in his tracks with the shock delight.

The wreak of the turnip field that smells
Of the bones of winter, frozen and dead,
Suddenly, wonderfully, clearly spells
The joy that the first flowers bring ahead.

J. PHOENICE

was nothing on his blank face to show his thoughts. With the increased speed the boat lurched and plunged more violently, creaking in protest at the extra strain.

JACKIE pushed the tiller over. The wind took them at right angles and the boat began to roll in short vicious swings that made standing difficult, flinging the two youths in the waist from side to side.

There was suddenly a little of the limpness of rag dolls about their movements and, as Shorty dived abruptly for the side and retched violently, Jackie's glance flew to his daughter's face and he caught a hint of triumph on her spray-wet features.

As Shorty straightened up, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, his face held a mute appeal to Jackie that destroyed any threat that had ever been there.

His face was green now and there was a tautness about his jawbone that told Jackie there was not much menace left in him. Cal, the taller of the two, the older and the tougher, was still sitting

a faint trace of pride in his voice as he spoke. "It's surprising what goes on. We was on holiday at the joint up the road from Poldewey—what's its name, Pen-something—and we ran short of dough. We got into a jeweller's last night to pick up a bit to keep us going. Only an old bloke came." He nodded sideways towards Shorty. "He hit him with the gun when he went for the telephone. I reckon he hit him too hard."

Jackie kept his gaze ahead as the rough line of the sea drew closer.

"Police come?" he asked.

Again Cal grinned and once more there was that faint trace of pride in his reply. "Didn't wait to see," he said. "We got out. Fast. Pinched a car as far as here. Thought it'd be safer. Cops would be behind us, so we decided to go for a little trip by sea. All we got to do now is get ashore."

"What makes you think you're going to get away with it when we reach St. Katt's?"

Cal grinned again and nodded at Grace. "Her," he said. "She'll be coming with us, part of the way, just

When Prince Charles grows up . . .

What will he be like, this boy born to be king? Already experts can see the man in the making



AROUND 1965, a tall, slim young man wearing the robe of the Garter will kneel before the Queen in Caernarvon Castle. She will place a gold coronet on his head, a gold rod in his hand and a gold ring on his middle finger. Then she will lead him on to the battlements and present him to the Welsh people.

Queen Elizabeth II will have invested her son Charles as the twenty-first Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Windsor, describing his own investiture as Prince of Wales in 1911, tells of the outrage he felt when called on to wear "this preposterous rig" and of the "family blow-up" that ensued when he protested.

But Charles will not protest. He will delight in wearing the picturesque costume and in being the focal point of an historic ceremony.

For already, on his tenth birthday, His Royal Highness Prince Charles has shown clearly what sort of man he will grow up to be.

Much can be inferred from his present habits and character. The discoveries of medical science make it possible to widen and deepen the picture.

Physically, Charles will be lean and muscular, with receding brown hair, blue eyes and quick, intelligent movements. He will be good at games, charming, and every inch a prince. He will dress immaculately and be a stickler for protocol. He will have no doubts about his destiny.

But beneath the assured exterior there will be another Charles whom few people will ever know. This Charles will be shy and a little anxious. He will be lonely because he will find it hard to establish more than superficial relationships; his marriage is likely to be based on mutual admiration. "Always," says a psychiatrist, "he will suffer from this basic conflict."

Many of his future qualities are already obvious. His intelligence is good. He could speak earlier than most children. He had mastered his alphabet before he was five. At Cheam, where standards are high, he was top of his class in geography.

If he were to take the eleven-plus, he

would probably pass for grammar school. He will take a better than average G.C.E. and will certainly have the chance of going on to a university.

On official visits he will ask the same kind of penetrating and impromptu questions with which his father puts officials on their mettle.

When he was only five, he was introduced to Winthrop Aldrich, the American Ambassador, and quickly spotted his hearing-aid. "What's that?" he asked. The ambassador's explanation failed to satisfy him. "How does it work?" he persisted. With a smile, Aldrich fitted it over Charles's ear. He listened for a moment, then said: "Thank you. Now I know."

Unlike some royalty, Charles will also be completely at ease socially. Some years ago he was at a cocktail party given by his parents. Among the smoke and drink and clatter of adult conversation, he walked boldly up to Sir Winston Churchill and asked: "Do you think I might have a little sausage, please?" Grinning, the Prime Minister handed him a chipolata on a tiny stick.

Sure of himself

His social ease will spring primarily from an awareness of his special place. He has been sure of this since he was old enough to understand his position.

However "normal" his parents have tried to make his upbringing, he has been the centre of attraction wherever he has gone and has inevitably come to take for granted his superior status.

When he was a baby, Nurse Helen Lightbody used to wave his arm as his car passed through cheering crowds.

The effect of such an upbringing is already apparent in his manner. Some time ago he went to spend the day with the three children of Mrs. David Bethell, cousin of the Lord Chamberlain, at her farm near Basingstoke. As soon as he arrived, Mrs. Bethell saw that he was thinking about something. "What would you like to do?" she asked.

Charles had obviously prepared his visit. "Inspect the nursery," he said firmly.

After showing him the nursery, the

continued on page 41

by KEITH ELLIS

THE LAND GOD GAVE TO CAIN — the tempestuous

THE SECRET OF SEVEN ISLANDS

I had come with a message of hope that might save her father's life. Yet all that she could say was: "Please. Go back to England. Leave us all alone."



A CHARTER plane that had brought me to Labrador was a speck in the distance. For the first time since leaving England I began to feel doubt . . . misgivings. What lay ahead?

I am Ian Ferguson. I had come to Labrador to prove my father had not died a madman. Dad was a ham radio fanatic and a sick man. He died of shock after picking up an SOS from a man named Briffe, the leader of an air-borne survey party that had crashed in the wilds of Labrador.

I passed the message to the authorities. They didn't believe it—because, days before my father heard the SOS, the plane's pilot, Laroche, had trekked out, claiming that Briffe and the third member of the party, Baird, were already dead. My father could not have been in his right mind when he died.

Sure that he was sane, I hitched a plane to Goose Bay and showed my father's log books to Ledder, another radio ham who had been in touch with Briffe's party. Ledder believed my story. He also told me something I didn't know—my grandfather had died on a Labrador expedition in 1900.

Ledder radioed the McGovern Mining Company—who had sent out the survey—and I was told to meet McGovern, the company's boss, at a place called Seven Islands. Now, with the plane dwindling in the sky, I stood alone on the airstrip. Nobody was here to meet me. . . .

PART TWO

WHEN I could no longer see the plane, I walked slowly towards the line of prefabricated huts that were the airport buildings. In the dispatch office they knew nothing about me. And when I asked for the offices of the

McGovern Mining & Exploration Company, they had never heard of it.

"What's your job?" the dispatcher asked.

"I'm an engineer," I said. "But that's got nothing to do—"

"You better report to Q.N.S. & L. then." He went to the door and shouted to a truck driver who was just moving off. "He'll take you. Okay?"

Because there seemed nothing else to do, I went out to the truck and got in. "What's Q.N.S. & L. stand for?" I asked the driver as we lurched out on to a dirt road. He told me it stood for Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway; the new railway now under construction, thrusting into the heart of Labrador.

The airport dispatcher must have phoned ahead, for the man in the office took me for a newly arrived engineer. When I told him I had just stopped off to see the president of the McGovern Mining & Exploration Company, he said: "Hell! I thought it was too good to be true." He scratched his head. "There's no company of that name here. But there was a guy called McGovern at breakfast this morning. Came in last night from Montreal—big man with a voice like a nutmeg grater. That him?"

"Couldn't you ring somebody and find out for me?" I asked. "The plane landed me here specially."

He sighed and reached for the phone. "Maybe the Iron Ore Company will know something about you."

He got through to somebody and told him my name and who I'd come to see, and after listening for a bit, he put the receiver down. "Well, McGovern's your man all right. But he's busy right now. A conference." His chair was tilted back again and he was looking at me with renewed interest. "That was Bill Lands I was on

to. He keeps tabs on all the geological parties. He'll be right over. He said something about your being here in connection with the survey crash?"

I nodded.

"Bad business." He shook his head. "Briffe was a nice guy. Did you ever meet him?"

"No," I said.

"French Canadian, but a fine guy." He stared at his desk. "It's tough on his daughter, but she's lucky, I guess, to have one of them come out alive."

He meant the pilot presumably and I asked him if he knew where Laroche was now.

"Why, here of course."

"You mean he's here in Seven Islands?"

"Sure. He and Paule Briffe. . . ."

He broke off as the phone rang. He picked it up. "Harry West? Oh, for God's sake!" he exclaimed. "A gas car, you say? Hell!" He made a note on his pad. "Okay, I'll have Ken Burke take over at Two-two-four. No, I'll arrange for him to be flown up." He slammed the receiver down. "That damn fool West got his foot crushed by a gas car. You'd think after six months up the line he'd know how to handle a speeder."

The door swung open and a big hustling man came in. He had a tanned face and his calf-length boots were all caked with mud. "Here's Bill Lands now." Mild blue eyes in a dust-streaked face summed me up. "Okay," Lands said abruptly. "Mr. McGovern should be about through now, I guess." He took me along to his own office—a room partitioned off in another hut—and waved me to a seat across the desk from him. He said: "I've sent for Bert Laroche, by the way."

"For Laroche—why?"

He gave me a flat, hard look. "If a

man's going to be called a liar, it better be to his face. Smoke?" He lit one himself. "Bert Laroche has flown me thousands of miles. He's a fine guy."

I didn't say anything.

"And there's Paule, too," he added. "That's Briffe's daughter. She and Bert were planning to be married this fall." He stared at me and I knew he was wishing I were dead. "She works right here in this office—has done ever since her father took this job with McGovern. What happens when she hears about this? Her father was all the world to her. He was her hero. And now he's dead. Why raise false hopes?"

A door slammed in the corridor outside.

"That's Mac now." Lands rose from his chair and went to the door. "We're in here, Mac."

McGovern came in. He was a broad, chunky man, hard-jawed and tight-lipped, and the battered face was weathered with a thousand wrinkles. He went over to the desk, slammed a bulging brief-case on top of it and sat



ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

down in Bill Lands's chair. The briefcase didn't seem to fit the man any more than his city suit. There was something untamed about him—an impression that was enhanced by the mane of white hair that swept back from his low, broad forehead.

He fastened his eyes on me. "I take it you've got some new information for us . . . something that proves Briffe's still alive?"

"Not exactly new information, sir."

"Then what's this guy Ledder all steamed up about? You saw him at Goose and he radioed a message to our office. What did you tell him?"

My mouth felt dry. McGovern was a type I'd never met before and his domineering personality seemed to crush me. "I merely filled in all the background for him," I said. "It's not so much the fact as the story behind the reception. If you'd known my father—"

"So there's nothing new?"

What could I say? I felt angry and helpless. And then footsteps sounded

in the passage outside and Bill Lands went to the door. "Here's Bert now."

"Tell him to wait," McGovern said. And then he was looking at me again. "So you believe your father really did pick up a transmission from Briffe? And you've come all this way in order to convince us—without a single item of fresh information?" He pulled a stapled sheaf of papers from his briefcase and passed them across to me. "I want you to read these reports through. Read them carefully. And just remember that, afterwards, you're going to meet Laroche, and anything you have to say will be said in his presence."

He nodded to Bill Lands and the two of them went out. The walls of the office closed in around me, unfamiliar and hostile. I was beginning to wish I'd never come to Canada.

Automatically I started to look through the papers. It was all there—a summary of the notes my father had made, my statement to the police, Ledder's report, everything.

And then I came to the psychiatrist's report: *It is not unusual for*

physical frustration to lead to mental unbalance, and in those conditions a morbid interest in some disaster or human drama may result in the subject having delusions that attribute to himself an active, even prominent rôle, in the events that fill his mind. . . .

I FLUNG the sheaf of papers on to the desk. How could they be so stupid? But then I realized it wasn't their fault. If I could have told them about that earlier expedition, they might have understood my father's obsession with the country.

Eventually the door behind me opened and McGovern came in. "Well?" he said. "Have you read it all through? Right, now before I call Bert Laroche in, I want you to tell me whether you think that there is any material fact omitted from these reports."

"It depends what you call material facts," I said uncertainly. "That psychiatrist's report—it's based on the supposition that my father was simply a spectator, that he wasn't involved at

all. Did you know there was an expedition into the Attikonak area in nineteen hundred?"

"Yes." It seemed to me his tone was suddenly guarded.

"Well, it appears that the leader of the expedition was my grandfather."

"So James Finlay Ferguson was your grandfather, eh?" He nodded his head slowly. "As soon as they told me your father's name, I guessed we'd be back to that expedition. So did Bert."

"My God!" he went on. "This is the third generation. And it was never more than gossip. Nothing was proved. And now you come over here with a lot of wild accusations that are based on nothing more substantial than this." He stared at me stonily, the veins of his face corded with anger. "Why the hell didn't you tell the authorities that your father was living in a world of the past—or did you think that would make him seem even more crazy?"

"He wasn't crazy," I almost shouted at him. I didn't understand half of what he'd been saying. "As for telling the authorities—I'd never heard about

Gilbert
Harding
asks...



Do you cheat with your child's homework?

CAN you beat this? I read the other day that some schools now hold special classes in the evening for the parents of their pupils. Dads go along to school after a hard day's work, their hair slicked down neatly, and squeeze themselves into tiny desks.

Teacher then expounds to these well-intentioned chumps the up-to-date methods of doing sums, so that "conflict and anxiety in the home may be reduced to a minimum and parents may give informed help to their children when doing their homework."

How daft can you get?

It strikes me as downright silly for Father or Mother to become involved in what, when I was a schoolmaster, was meant to be a child's own unaided efforts.

A mother's, or a father's, job is to teach children how to be kind, courteous and disciplined, not to turn the kitchen into a kind of college.

If there is any good reason for asking young children to do an hour or so of overtime after a long day at school, it is, surely, so that a teacher may test his teaching: has the lesson sunk in?

"So you were lying..."

When I was a schoolboy at Wolverhampton Royal Orphanage, the way we were taught would make the teachers in today's glass-box schools shudder with horror. We learned many things by rote, parrot fashion. But we were never allowed to proceed until we had mastered what was on hand.

My headmaster, "Dad" Lampitt, would always ask, after he had demonstrated some point in geometry: "Any questions? Any doubts?"

I am afraid that I was often too indolent to admit to him that I did not follow him. Once he caught me out, asking me to repeat the working of a problem we had done the day before.

I was stumped. I have never liked being asked the questions; I was born a question-master.

"Then you were lying yesterday," I remember him saying, "when you remained silent in the face of my question." I had to admit that I was.

Today I thoroughly approve of "Dad" Lampitt's exacting standards. It is lying, and most misleading, for mothers and fathers, however well intentioned, to help with their children's homework. To do so conceals the fact that a child has failed to master, or a teacher to teach, something important.

As a schoolboy, and even when I became a schoolmaster, I never saw much sense in homework.

Whenever I set a class an essay to write, each boy had only one essay to labour over; I had twenty to correct.

I say "correct" and not "mark." Any fool can think of a number and scribble seven, six or eight out of ten at

the end of a child's work. What is ten? The best essay in the world, or the best work that boy is capable of doing, or what? Most marks are meaningless.

I don't approve of homework. I have never been able to work with either enthusiasm or efficiency in the evening, so I am sorry for children who have to do so.

Early morning, yes. When I hoped to go to the Bar, before the war, and taught at a crammer's in Chancery Lane to earn my living, I used to get up at 4 a.m. to do three hours' swatting at my law books before I set off for work.

There are enough things to disrupt those pleasant, after-tea hours, which could be the best in a family's day, without having the children struggling with problems about cisterns filling and men walking from A to B. It becomes intolerable if Mother and Father are involved, too.

And you parents don't know how often your hand is revealed in your child's work. Not always a skilled hand.

I remember one boy who had written something for me in French on cricket. Throughout he referred to our national game as *grillon*, which is the word for the little insect that rubs its legs together, hops about and lives on the hearth. The lad was indignant when I crossed the word out again and again; he couldn't believe that it was wrong.

"My father, Sir, looked it up for me in his French dictionary," he said with a faith that was touching.

"I don't do my son's homework," a friend of mine told me. "My problem is to get him to do it."

Now that is nonsense. If the lazy little lout won't tear himself away from the telly or the fireside and go into a quiet corner and get on with his task, let him suffer the consequences when he faces his teacher. Or are today's teachers too milky mild to make this an ordeal to be dreaded? I hope not.

In any case, surely it is not for Mother or Father to nag or plead. They should, of course, see that there is somewhere reasonably quiet where work can be done. But, once again, it is lying if the work has only been done because you bribed or bullied the child into doing it.

Presumably one of the reasons for setting homework is to teach children to find self discipline, to be able to settle down to work without having someone standing over them.

If a child is incapable of finding that discipline, or is just downright idle, the sooner his teacher knows it the better.

If I am being old-fashioned, I'm not sorry. Of course, I believe in kindness to children, but I don't believe in pampering them.

Can you see what sort of a youth the boy is going to be who comes home every evening in a school bus, whose parents, after a hard day's work, get down to doing his homework for him—or, worse, go to school on his behalf?

I can.

The secret of Seven Islands

continued from previous page

my grandfather's expedition until last night."

"Never heard about it?" He stared at me with obvious disbelief.

I told him then how I'd heard of it first from Ledder, and how he'd only got the briefest information about it over the air from one of the geologists.

"Good God!" he said. "So you don't know the details. You don't know who was with your grandfather on that expedition—where they went or what they were looking for?"

"Well, I admit that puts a different complexion on it. But it doesn't mean Briffe is alive. You may have known nothing about the Ferguson Expedition, but your father did. And that makes his motive obvious. There are many ways of being unbalanced."

I didn't understand what he was getting at, and I told him so.

"All right," he said. "Forget it." He left me then and went out, closing the door behind him.

Then the door opened again and he came back. "Come in, both of you," he said, and went over to the desk and sat down. Lands followed, and then a third man, tall and lean with the sort of face I'd never seen before. A gleam of sun threw a dusty shaft across the office and he walked right into it, his face dark and angular, almost secretive. A great gash, part healed, ran from the top of his head to his right eye.

McGovern told him to pull up a chair and, as he sat down, he darted a quick glance at me. Lands shut the door and pulled a chair up too.

Now McGovern leaned forward across the desk. "Let's get this over with," he said to me. "I gather you still think your father may have picked up some sort of message from Briffe?"

I nodded. "But I'd like to hear what Laroche has to say."

Laroche hesitated. "Okay," he said. "I guess that's best. Then he can sort it out for himself."

He shifted his gaze, staring down at his hands. I thought—he's nervous. Then he began to talk and I wasn't sure.

They had taken off at approximately six thirty on the evening of September 14 but the storm had soon forced them down until the floats were skimming the tops of the jackpine and they were lake-hopping from one expanse of water to the next. Then the snow came, blotting out everything.

"I had no choice," Laroche said. "I was crossing a lake and I did a tight turn and put the nose down."

He had ripped the floats as he crashed through the trees at the water's edge and had hit the surface of the lake hard, bounced twice and then smashed into a rock that had suddenly loomed up in front of him. When he came to the plane was half in, half out of the water with the rock towering above it. Dazed, he crawled back into the fuselage to find Baird unconscious, pinned there by a piece of metal. Briffe was injured, too.

He had done what he could for them, which wasn't much for there was no wood on the rock to make a fire. He was there two days until the storm passed, and then he hacked one of the floats clear, patched it and ferried the two injured men ashore. He had got a fire going and rigged up a shelter of branches, and he had brought some supplies from the plane.

Two days later another storm came up. The following morning the plane had vanished. The fire had gone out, and he couldn't light another because all the matches were soaked.

Baird had died that night; Briffe the following night. After that Laroche had started trekking westward. He had kept going for five days and nights, and on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth he had reached Mile 273.

"I guess that's all," he said. "I was lucky to get out alive."

"That trip you made out to the

plane," I said. "Did you bring the radio ashore?"

"No," he said. "It went down with the aircraft."

"And you're sure Briffe and Baird were dead when you left them? Did you bury them?"

"For God's sake!" Lands said.

"No," Laroche answered me. "I didn't bury them. I guess I didn't have the energy." His voice was flat. And then he added quickly, "I tried to locate them afterwards. I flew twice with a pilot out of Menihek. But there are literally thousands of lakes."

"Thousands, yes," I said. "But only one Lake of the Lion."

"What the hell's the name of the lake matter if he couldn't locate it again?" McGovern said angrily. "Of course, if you know the exact location of this lake you keep on about. . . . But your father didn't pinpoint it, did he? It's the place where your grandfather is supposed to have died, and as far as I'm concerned it only proves that your father was living in the past."

He got to his feet. "I must go."

He came round the desk and stood over me. "I understand your disappointment. It's natural after coming so far. And I may say I'm disappointed, too. We all are. When I got that message of Ledder's I had hoped. . . ." He turned away with a shrug that was a gesture of finality. "I'm told there's a flight going out to Montreal tonight. Could you fix him a ride on it, Bill?"

"Sure."

McGovern nodded, picked up his brief-case and strode out of the room. Laroche hesitated then hurried after him. The door slammed and I stood there, feeling numbed and exhausted.

"Your plane leaves around twenty thirty hours," Bill Lands said. "Meantime, I guess you're hungry." He took me to a big dining hut and sat with me while I ate. He went off to change and get his car. I was to meet him at the Q.N.S. & L. office. I moved out across the flat gravel space, feeling conspicuous and alone. Glancing back, I saw Lands had stopped to chat to a young woman down by the farthest hut. I could see them looking at me and I went quickly on towards the office, conscious that others must know by now what had brought me here.

Less than a minute later footsteps sounded behind me, and a voice that was soft and slightly foreign said: "Are you Mr. Ferguson?"

I turned and found it was the girl who had been talking to Lands, a girl with a dark, full-lipped face.

"Yes," I said. "I'm Ian Ferguson."

"I'm Paule Briffe. Bill told me your father is dead, that that is why you came." She spoke in a tight, controlled little voice that trembled on the edge of hysteria. "I can understand that. Believe me, I can understand that. But it cannot do any good. Please. Go back to England. Leave us all alone."

"It was because of your father that I came," I said.

"My father is dead," she cried. "He is dead—dead; do you hear? But Albert—you are driving him out of his mind. He is with my father when he died—and now you come here and try to tell us that my father transmit on the radio, not when they crash, but two whole weeks after. It isn't true. It can't be true."

"I'm sorry," I murmured. "All I know is what my father wrote. He believed your father was alive at a place called Lake of the Lion."

She caught her breath. "Lake of the Lion! How do you know?"

"It was implied in the transmission my father picked up." I went on to tell her about the map in my father's room and the log books and how he had been obsessed with Labrador.

"Lake of the Lion." She murmured

continued on page 37

We built our own hospital

by CECIL QUICK

Nobody would do it for us
so the whole town set to
work. We raised the money
and laid the bricks—and
soon we'll be saving lives

A COACH accident on Charmouth Hill last year reminded me of the urgency of our mission: to raise the money for materials, build and present to the National Health Service a new casualty and out-patients' department at Lyme Regis Cottage Hospital.

The coach, carrying forty elderly people on an outing, rammed a hedge when its brakes failed as it approached Lyme Regis. Badly shocked, the passengers were taken to the hospital.

The old casualty department was big enough for only one doctor to work at a time. "Had the injuries been worse," an eye-witness told me, "the lack of facilities might have proved tragic."

Lyme Regis hospital is bright and homely, and its thirty beds are enough for the needs of the town and the out-lying villages, Charmouth, Rousdon and Combeypne—a total population of about five thousand.

The casualty department was its vital weakness. The treatment room was barely large enough for an operating table and sterilizer, the waiting room little bigger than a telephone booth.

In March, 1956, one of our three Lyme Regis doctors addressed a public meeting at the town hall. Throughout the country more than 400,000 people were waiting for hospital accommodation and a new general hospital had yet to be completed in England since the war. "The regional hospital board is unable to help," he said. "If anything is to be done, it is up to us."

Among those at the meeting was David Vivash, a sturdy, reflective Dorset man—an ironmonger—who is chairman of our branch of the British Legion. Listening to the doctor, Vivash recalled the day he broke his arm. When he had needed the hospital, its help had been swift and unstinting.

A few days later, at a monthly assembly of local Legion members which I attended as vice-chairman, he proposed that we should open a fund to help the hospital. "Why not go one better?" I suggested. "Why not build a new wing at the hospital ourselves? If we can get

enough volunteers to form a labour unit, I'll supervise the construction."

As a building contractor, I felt that the idea was feasible. But it was received in silence. Until Vivash replied, I was afraid that I had been over-optimistic. "Count on me for an evening a week," he said. "Who'll join me?"

From that moment we were overwhelmed with volunteers and I realized how close the hospital was to the community. Almost everyone felt some sense of personal gratitude.

Three years ago the wife of a Lyme Regis business man might have lost her baby had it not been for the hospital. The thankful father was among the first to volunteer for our unit.

Ernest George, our chubby sweetshop proprietor, had had four members of his family in the hospital. Regularly, an evening a week, he became a builder's mate. We had all kinds of former surgical cases, from major to minor.

V.I.P. casualties

By the evening early in May when our labour force first reported for duty there were seventy names on my list. At the most I had expected a couple of dozen. Charlie Clark, one of my regular bricklayers, looked them over doubtfully. "They've done everything, this lot—except put up buildings."

There was a mail van driver, a tobacconist, a watchmaker, a railway signalman, an electrician and a schoolmaster. There were doctors, shopkeepers, men who had retired and youngsters who had barely left school.

We began by clearing the site. Regrettably, our equipment was not always the best. Five of the part-time labourers tied a rope to a giant tree and pulled. The rope broke—and the men fell flat on their backs. Nobody was hurt, but it spurred us to take out an insurance policy to cover accidents.

Luckily we had no serious casualties, and minor cases got V.I.P. treatment at the hospital. When Vivash had a chip of brick in his eye, the matron and her staff rushed him to the casualty room

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Fund treasurer John Pitt, now a patient in the hospital, watches the team at work on the single-storey part of the wing. Quick is second from the right





PERSONAL TAILORING

NEEDS

PERSONAL ATTENTION...

**THE
HEPWORTH
TOUCH!**

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YOU ARE NEVER FAR FROM A HEPWORTH BRANCH

They're all putting on the sister act

by ALAN LLOYD

It's the new way to fame for stagestruck girls—find a pair of sisters and sing



Meet Sheila Jones (top left), Shirley Palmer, Carol Lindsey; bleach and fringes make them the Kaye Sisters. The Beverleys (above) are related

A YEAR ago in Hampstead, London, Tony Burstein, the owner of a coffee bar, picked up his telephone and instructed Cyril Shack, the representative of a firm that supplies and services juke boxes, to come and take out a record that he had installed two days earlier. The record was entitled "Alone." It was sung by the Shepherd Sisters.

Burstein, who estimated that his customers had already played the record eighty times, was constrained to point out that while ya-ya-yaa-ya-ya sung eighty times by one sister might just be tolerable, ya-ya-yaa-ya-ya sung eighty times by four sisters at the same time was more than he could stand.

For singing sisters, 1957 was a year of promise. They have never had such a good hearing as now. Sets of four, three and two sisters are appearing almost overnight to join existing groups, who include the King Sisters, the Beverley Sisters, the Tanner Sisters, the Gibson Sisters, the Liddell Sisters, the Lana Sisters, the Tracy Sisters, the Terry Sisters, the Garland Sisters, the Barry Sisters (British) and the Barry Sisters (American).

Eager to keep pace with the demand for more new names, neither agents nor

booking managers are wasting time inspecting the birth certificates of girls they audition. Some are cousins; many more are not even remotely related.

A top sister act in this country can earn £1,000 a week; in America more than £200,000 a year. So promising is the outlook that groups who retired years ago are coming back to make the most of it. The Andrews Sisters—Patti, Maxene and Laverne—recently patched up a quarrel which split them in 1953.

Among others who have specialized in training sister acts, Mrs. Carmen Kaye, of London, was not surprised by the rise in their popularity.

Just over two years ago she took an untried trio to a Park Lane club where they were paid 50s. each for a show.

"Soon be big-time"

"During the evening the girls saw Sabrina come in wearing an expensive gown and furs," recalls Mrs. Kaye. "I saw their mouths fall open. 'Be patient,' I told them, 'you'll soon be in the big-time yourselves.' They were raw, but I'd seen worse."

The girls were also inconveniently unlike. Carol Lindsey, the daughter of a caretaker who works at Ealing, was a brunette, rather stocky, and seven years older than the others. Sheila

Jones, whose father works in a tool shop, was slight and pretty with "mousey" hair and a cockney accent. Shirley Palmer was big, the bonny daughter of a tugboat skipper from Hull. She had long red hair and a north country accent.

The trio were chorus girls by training and unable to read music. They learned their harmonies from tape recordings or listened while the notes were pounded repetitively on a piano. Mrs. Kaye worked on their diction. "Talk 'Mayfair,' love," she implored the big girl from Hull.

Within eight weeks the Kaye Sisters had a working repertoire of five songs. To complete the illusion of sisterliness, they bleached their hair and cut it short with fringes, Carol Lindsey "reduced" her age, and each declared that she would remain unmarried for five years.

When, last June, Miss Lindsey married their manager, Len Young, who was once known on the halls as "The Singing Fool," they had already registered themselves as a limited company to cope with an income of about £500 a week.

According to some sections of the music industry, sex, as conveyed by individual women singers, is being replaced by the "sisterly spirit." This, they think—nobody seems quite sure—is due to the increasing influence which

teenage girls and their mothers are exerting on "popular" music through the purchase of gramophone records and the choice of television programmes.

"What is wanted is an unusual rather than a musical sound," says a recording company executive. "Visually, the performers must convey wholesomeness, zest and sufficient ordinariness to make an acceptable image in the average home. One might say that the industry is playing at Happy Families."

The Gitsom girls

Mary Gitsom, who lives with her husband Arthur at a farm in Cleeve, Somerset, has four singing daughters. Now that their act, the Gibson Sisters, has enabled the girls to see Paris and many other Continental cities, Mr. and Mrs. Gitsom are not concerned with keeping their children down on the farm.

"Why, when they were in Switzerland I had a holiday with them," says Mrs. Gitsom. "Everywhere people stopped us to take photos, and I met an American who wanted the girls to go to the States."

"I don't believe one of the girls wants to get engaged. 'Too little money and too much housework,' they say."

Because it is commercially desirable that singing sisters should be accepted

In Short

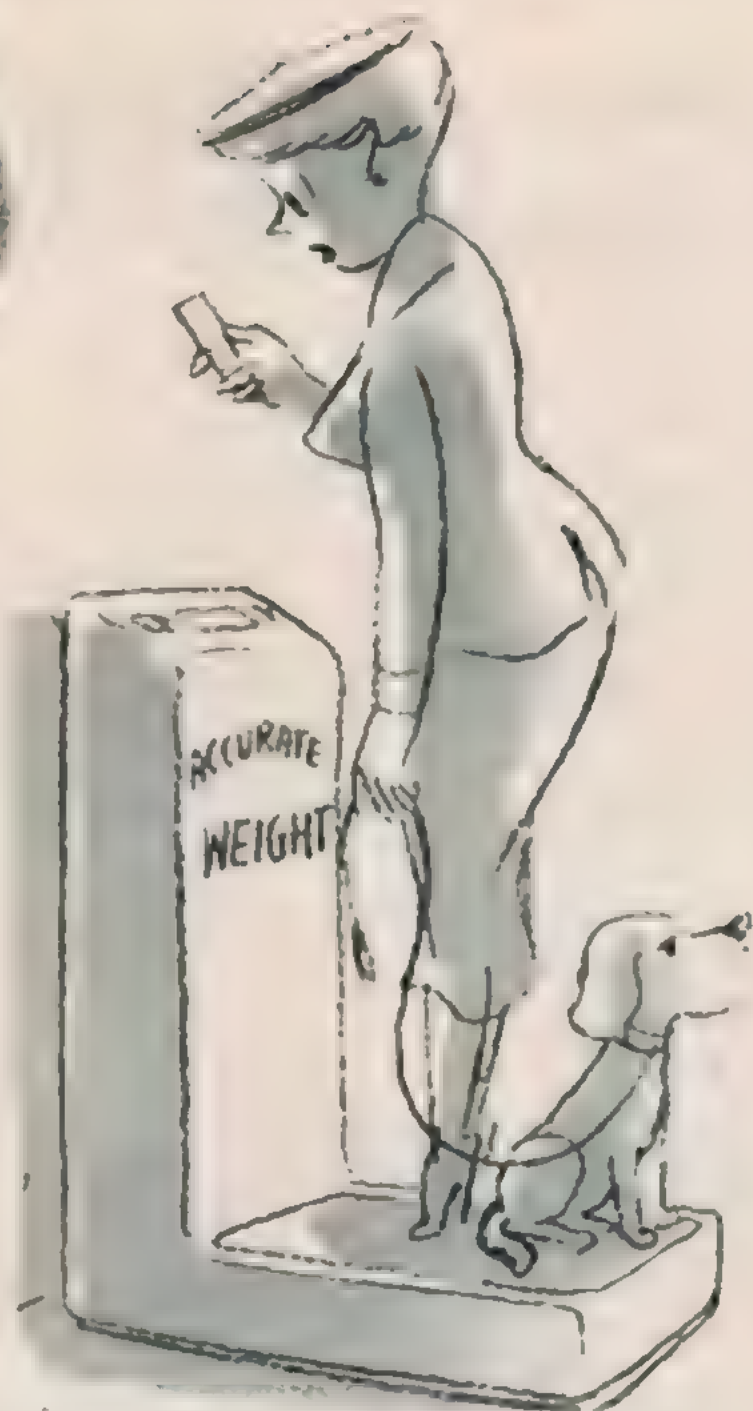
Cedric

Cedric, eager to explore
Facts, and ascertain some more
Re the latest satellite,
Quietly left his home one night
And, thumbing lifts and
scrounging rides
(Employing divers tricks besides),
Contrived at length to stow away
Upon a ship that went his way.

Reaching Cape Canaveral
Cedric, being very small,
Did not really find it hard
To elude the Special Guard,
And locate the Secret Site
Where they kept the satellite.

No one saw young Cedric creep
Down inside, nor heard it bleep
When he deftly turned a screw.
All the shocked mechanics knew
Was that, with a mighty bound,
It had swiftly left the ground,
Shooting, at tremendous pace,
Off into the Outer Space.

"Pull the cord!" cried
Cedric, "Quick!
Stop the train—I'm feeling sick!"



No one heard the infant's cry
As he hurtled through the sky;
No one saw him wave his hand
As he crossed his Native Land,
Where his parents, unaware
He had taken to the air,
Spent a fortune dialling through
To Whitehall One-two-one-two.

What will be young Cedric's end?
That, of course, will all depend
Whereabouts they are when Fate
Makes the thing disintegrate.

GERTRUDE MONRO HIGGS

Sally Lags Behind

It was the wireless which started it, Sally said. They were always being so *helpful*, telling her how to join the R.A.F., or not to be a Litterbug, or warning her against burglars. And now they'd just reminded her, kindly but firmly, to see if her pipes were lagged.

They were so earnest that she went up to the loft to have a look. No one could have been up there for centuries; the dust was like lava and the cobwebs would have made a stage set for the Sleeping Beauty.

And guess what she found, among all the old trunks and newspapers? An old diabolio, surely I must know, a sort of cotton reel you twizzled on a string. She simply had to see if she was as good as she used to be, and by the time she'd mastered it she could only just see, it was so dark. She nearly fell through the trap door, only to find the children had taken the ladder away (to play Everest they said later).

She was just going to call them when a spider walked right over her hand. So she screamed instead, wouldn't anyone? And that was why the children had come rushing round to me to say there was a ghost in the roof and Mummy had vanished. She was so sorry.

When I asked what about the pipes, Sally looked stricken. I think she'd forgotten to look.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

Have mercy, Sister

A nurse is an angel dressed in white
Who, in the middle of the night,
Wakes you the careful way they taught her,
Bringing a dish of soap and water.

IAN HEALY

Note from The Head

Maureen has never been very good at concentrating and I am afraid she is now doing less work than ever. Worse still, under her leadership her circle of friends has almost stopped working too.

I find it a little difficult to believe that you have told her that all Brain Work will be done by Atomic Power by 1962, but she assures me this is so and that you are never wrong. When I asked whether you were intending to buy her a private Reactor she got quite angry and said it would all be done by the Government.

Today she refused to eat School Dinner on the grounds that you had said that in the near future all nourishment would be provided by tablets. She seemed unconvinced by my suggestion that she might get rather hungry waiting until this happened.

As I do not want to undermine a parent's authority, I shall make no attempt to damp down Maureen's optimism, but feel sure I can leave it to you to convince her that she is not in the future yet.

R. G. G. PRICE

They're all putting on the sister act

continued from previous page

as spinsters, many have "secretive" married lives. Some remove their wedding rings before appearing in public; others, more sentimental, cover them with flesh-coloured adhesive tape.

Short-sighted sisters, such as Claire and Merna Barry, also take off their glasses. "Once," recalls Merna, "when we were singing a beautiful ballad, I was giving with the eyes and thinking about the song and not really seeing anything, and a man in the front row was getting the full treatment. Apparently I concentrated on him all through the act. The poor man thought I really went for him."

"The next day he combed the hotels for us, finally found the right one and asked for the Barry Sisters. He was surprised to hear that Mrs. Pine and Mrs. Weinberg had gone out with their husbands."

Amorous entanglements are an occupational risk. When Angela Hawley—at twenty-two the middle in age of the three singing daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hawley, of Newcastle—eloped with her fiancé last year, her sisters Anne and June faced the possibility of being sued for breach of contract.

Frank Hawley followed Angela to Glasgow, but failed to bring her back.

His wife recalls: "The girls had a B.B.C. programme to do almost right away. I was prepared to fill the gap myself, but at the last minute we found another girl who matched up. She was working at the Ministry of Pensions."

Angela is now a housewife; the new girl is a permanent "sister."

Always the same

There is an unwritten, but nevertheless influential, code among singing sisters. Within each group, girls use the same hair styles and wear identical clothes, on and off the stage. When Joycelyn Chinery, the eldest of the related Beverley Sisters, married Billy Wright at Poole, Dorset, last July, she wore an Empire line dress with a blue polka-dot design. So did the sisters Babette and Hazel.

Although at least one well-known set of sisters is frequently reduced to tears by quarrelling, sisters profess a profound and all-embracing harmony.

"We decide all our plans on democratic principles," says Sheila Jones, of the Kayes.

Miss Jones recently told Norman Payne, the group's agent, that she did not think they should do any more broadcasts as the act was partly visual. "I was outvoted," she says. "The other two girls stormed out of the dressing-room."

Sisters drink minerals and fruit juices in public, but not infrequently fortify themselves with alcohol before performing. One teenage girl needed three stiff whiskies before she could find the confidence to go on stage during a recent London run.

Sisters who are not related tend to conform more rigidly than those who are. The members of one unrelated group, the Lana Sisters, go to the length of wearing identical ear-rings, bracelets and costume jewellery. Not only do they have their hair the same colour, they each have a streak the same colour on top of the same colour.

One new trio entered a beach beauty contest. They were judged first, second and third, and won £7, but unfortunately missed the publicity they had hoped for. Out of their clothes, they went unrecognized as a sister act.

Male singers of "popular" tunes, who are at least as numerous as their female counterparts, have not had as much success as the girls. With a few exceptions, such as the Smith Brothers, singing brothers are not a hit in this country.

Only when they have a sister with them, it seems, can they hope to

succeed in style. Mary Mudd, and her brothers, Freddie and Jeff, are considered an outstanding example. Shortly before last Christmas, David Jacobs, who presents programmes of gramophone records, mentioned to an agent, Bunny Lewis, that it might be worth his while to meet the Mudds, who worked at a Luton motor factory.

One song—success

After one look at them, Lewis knew that Jacobs was right. The girl was nineteen, "cute, young and fresh—well-scrubbed behind the ears." And the Mudds produced "an American sound" when they sang.

Lewis called them the Mudlarks, a name that did not entirely satisfy him. But the name was of little consequence, for from then on the formula for making money was as straightforward and tested as that for a ready-mixed cake powder.

On January 7, three days after Miss Mudd gave up working at the factory, the Mudds recorded a song named "Mutual Admiration Society."

On the strength of it they appeared on six major television programmes before the end of February, and at American camps, clubs and variety at Brighton and Newcastle.

"By then the tune was played out," says Lewis. "We had to find another one. We decided on a thing entitled 'Lollipop'."

The Mudds recorded "Lollipop"—mainly a repetition of one word accompanied by a variety of noises—at the end of February. It enabled them to do five television programmes and more stage shows.

In May they recorded another tune, and did another series of TV appearances, a summer season at Weymouth and a variety show in London.

"It takes them a week to learn a number and I can book them for £300 a week," says Lewis. "It won't last for ever. One day they'll have to live on their performing ability."

When that happens, according to the experts, "seventy per cent of the sisters will die the death."

At the moment, amateurism is not only rife, it is also profitable. At a show attended by two thousand people in Newcastle last April, the Tanner Sisters, who are experienced performers, sensed that the act they had lovingly improved and polished over several years was making no impact.

Sex is out of date

Impulsively they "roughed up" their style. "We tried to look less professional," says Frances Tanner. Until then there had been no reaction; now, amazingly, the audience approved.

Top sisters say that sophistication, like sex, is a cardinal error. Cecil Madden, a senior B.B.C. official, recalls that when the Beverley Sisters tried to sing sophisticated songs people rang him up and asked him to persuade them to stop. He did.

He was among the first to realize that it was bad salesmanship, psychologically, for "sisters" to sing saucy songs. Today, every singing sister realizes that purity and sisterliness are obligatory in public.

In private, a good thing can be taken just so far. The Kaye Sisters share the same dressmaker as the Beverley Sisters, they have followed each other into the same theatres, and in June, 1957, they even agreed to rehearse at the London Palladium at the same time—the Kayes for a variety show and the Beverleys for a Sunday night television programme. But they were careful not to meet.

As yet, the two groups of girls have not gone to the length of speaking to each other.

THE END

The relentless disciples of Moscow are bringing their battle for power into the open. They aim to win all the unions—and wreck our way of life



This is legitimate trade union activity during an official strike—persuasion by argument. Communist methods are different

How the Reds plan to take over the unions

by ROBERT HOLLES

EVEN his best friends conceded that Tom Chapman, a spry, slightly built engineer of forty-two, was unlikely to win the election for the post of divisional organizer to the North London division of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, held in May, 1957.

It was true that Chapman had an impressive record; for sixteen years he had ranged himself against the employers. He was known as a keen left-wing Socialist who had held every kind of unpaid post in the union organization. But the opposition for the post, as full-time negotiator for the division's 80,000 members, was formidable.

The North London area had been for some time a Communist stronghold. The retiring organizer was Claude Berridge, one of the party's leading industrial experts, who had been elected to the A.E.U. national executive. Chapman's opponent in the ballot was Joe Scott, a Communist who had recently held a seat on the executive.

Surprisingly, when the votes were counted, Chapman was found to have a majority of one. Later, when the votes of the pro-Communist North Acton branch were disqualified through ballot irregularities, his majority rose to 112.

As Chapman left his Edgware home to take up his new appointment, he must have been wondering just how tough the job was going to be. He knew that the London District office over which he was to hold sway had a reputation as a headquarters for the Communists of North London. He knew that the district secretary was a Communist, and that the committees of

the other three districts in his division were heavily Communist-dominated.

He knew that of his two general assistants, both of whom were Communists, one was Wal Hannington, a veteran of industrial agitation whose record stretched back to Jarrow and beyond. He was aware that his own clerical assistant, Percy Glading, was a Communist whose devotion to the Soviet cause had led, in 1938, to a six-year prison sentence for offences against the Official Secrets Act.

His first day in office did little to allay Chapman's misgivings. At the end of it he returned home and told his wife: "When I got there the doors were closed. So I went and had a cup of tea in a nearby café, where I met one of my fraternal colleagues who greeted me with the words, 'So you've arrived!'"

Chapman had unwittingly walked into the front line of the struggle for control of the trade unions.

Internal battles

The conflict takes place normally below the surface of all the important trade unions—all union leaders, whatever their political shade, invariably prefer not to publicise what are considered to be the domestic affairs of the unions. It is carried on by a small minority of trade unionists—Communists and active anti-Communists—while the great majority of trade union members stand apart as disinterested onlookers.

Chapman soon discovered that he had been voted into a nightmare. Employers, union officials, and other correspondents began ringing him up to find out why

he hadn't replied to urgent communications which he had never received.

Frequently he would emerge from branch meetings to find the tyres of his car deflated; once the bodywork was scratched from end to end. In his office he was treated with frigid hostility. One of his girl assistants, who borrowed a bowl of flowers from the caretaker to decorate Chapman's office for the visit of Bill Carron, the union's president, was reported to the national executive for allegedly stealing the flowers.

Scores of allegations against Chapman's character and ability began to pour in to the union executive from local branches. One concerned his failure to report in writing on a dispute involving a bus driver. The driver had complained that he got only half an hour's lunch break, which was causing him to get indigestion. Chapman had settled the dispute in five minutes over the telephone.

His wife became accustomed to opening unsigned letters calling on Chapman to resign and threatening physical violence if he did not.

By last June the situation had become so intolerable that Chapman was compelled to protest to the A.E.U. executive, which appointed a committee of inquiry to investigate. But his troubles were by no means at an end. In the following month an unofficial strike was called at the works of Beaton and Sons, an engineering firm in Chapman's area, by a committee of shop stewards who called on the management to withdraw notices of threatened redundancy to thirteen men.

When Chapman tried to intervene he was rebuffed. He was given false times for strike meetings, and arrived when

they were over. The strike committee refused to allow him to address its members.

Meanwhile Chapman opened negotiations with the management and arrived at a favourable settlement to the dispute. When he was refused the platform at a subsequent strike meeting, he was obliged to stand among the audience and shout to get a hearing.

After he had presented the terms of the proposed settlement, the meeting voted to return to work. The strike had lasted for six weeks.

Call for vigilance

In October, 1948, the Trades Union Congress urged the executives and members of all its affiliated unions to oppose every manifestation of Communist influence, and to open the eyes of all workers to the dangerous subversive activities which were being carried on in opposition to the policy of the trade union movement. Three months later the T.U.C. withdrew from the Communist-controlled World Federation of Trade Unions.

Since then, orthodox union leaders have consistently opposed Communist tactics. One union, the Transport and General Workers', has banned Communists from holding office. A few others have ruled that candidates for office should declare whether they are members of organizations proscribed by the Labour Party.

The Electrical Trades Union is the only one entirely dominated by Communists. Another, the Fire Brigades Union, became free from Communist Party control after a number of its

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**... And it's
not so far
from
Notting
Hill**

Yet the horrors of race
junior citizens prove



All pals together at St. John's L.C.C. nursery. Fifty-two children aged under five years are left there each day. They include Greek, French and Irish youngsters—and black and white



Toys are provided for a garden playground. Two houses were converted to make the nursery



Young Sharon Hamilton plays with nurse Rosina Payne

riots are worlds away from the day nursery in Brixton. There our an old truth—that friendly faces come in all shapes—and colours



Enjoying one of three meals served each day are (from left) Michael Letts, Neville Mills and Marion Nixon. "We never even mention nationalities," says matron Ellen Hurst

Children can be left at the nursery from 7.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Most of their mothers work in shops and factories. They pay from 4d. to 15s. a day, depending on incomes

CATTLE

Don's mother was a city girl. How could she understand what he must do to live up to the name — Harkness of Corribulla?

TWELVE months after they brought old Harkness back to the homestead, he fell sick. It had been because of his falling health that they had persuaded him to come back, and he had not taken kindly to the idea. At eighty-five failing health was a thing to be expected, but the old man had always been so tough that it was hard for him to accept the idea of sickness.

For a long time he had lived alone in the small shack at the southern end of the run, in much or the same manner as when he first took up the land sixty-odd years ago. There was no battling to be done now, though. Corribulla was one of the most solidly prosperous stations in the state.

Having achieved all this by his own sweat and toil through the pioneering years, old Harkness had been quite content to hand everything over to his son. He wanted nothing. He had lived for too long on corned meat and damper to have any taste for softer standards of living. So he had retired to the shack to live with the things he remembered.

Ian Harkness, his son, carried on with the place until his own son Barry was taken into partnership, and today Barry was in full control. Solid prosperity had made Ian's retirement easy.

After Barry married, everyone in the district felt it was only a matter of time before his wife Stella persuaded him to follow the lead of other pastoralists who, made wealthy beyond all dreams by the boom years after the war, controlled their properties from offices in Sydney. But he was still there when their son Don was born, and Don was now eight.

Don loved his home. Every familiar thing around the homestead was a part of him. He would touch the rails of the stockyard, solid slabs which Great-grand had broadaxed out of virgin timber, and something within him responded to their sun-baked roughness. These days, the stockyard was only a kind of courtesy adjunct, because the cattle were handled well away, at the outcamps. But the weathered posts and rails housed ghosts.

The ghosts had a lot to do with Great-grand preferring to live away from the homestead, with its prosperous air of modern efficiency and smooth living, but Don did not know that. On hot

days when the wind riffled feathers of dust up from the dry ground, the boy sniffed the pungency of it, and the tangy compound of sweating cattle and beaten dust was no ghost to him. It was reality.

His mother sometimes became concerned over the way he hung aimlessly around, dreaming. She felt it was wrong for a boy of his age and social advantages, and she pressed her husband over having Don sent away to school soon.

Barry shook his head doubtfully. At the back of his mind he felt that Corribulla was right for Don. Perhaps it was the last flicker of his own boyhood love for the place, damped down through the years by Stella's more urban aspirations.

He suspected that to her this was not so much Corribulla Station as the country residence of the Harkness family, a show place, well ordered, efficiently run, smoothly piling up profit through the cattle which she seldom saw and certainly knew little about. But he was still deeply in love with this graceful, well-bred wife of his, and he knew that in time that last flickering spark would peter out. That would happen when he capitulated and went to live in Sydney. In the meantime, he did not want to uproot his son.

So for the time being Don stayed at home. He had had a governess, and now had a tutor, but his schooling left him plenty of time to enjoy the things he liked best.

There were all sorts of wonderful things about the homestead. There was the well, the old one, covered over now with boards, the one which Great-grand had sunk in the early days with a couple of blacks to help him. Don thought of the way he must have brought up water for the stock and the house with a windlass and bucket.

To drink water dipped from a bucket pulled straight out of the ground must be wonderful. One day he laboriously knotted lengths of string together and dropped a billy down into the fascinating depths, drawing it up full just as his mother came out to look for him. He heard her calling, but he was too shocked at what the tin contained to answer her at once. The water in the tin was greenish and slimy, and there were bits of horrible stuff floating in it.

Stella, scolding him, thought that

the shocked look was caused by the loathsome water itself, but she was wrong. Don was shocked and sickened with disappointment and a kind of anger which he did not understand. He had pictured the water as being bright and sharp and sparkling with a life of its own, quite different from the ordinariness of water from the taps.

Stella persuaded Barry to have the old well filled up after that.

GREAT-GRAND, on one of his infrequent visits to the homestead, had just sat and watched it being done, not saying a word. Don sat with him, a bit awed by the old man's stillness and the way his eyes never moved off the mouth of the well as two station hands carted earth with a tip-truck.

When it was finished the boy put his hand timidly into the old man's. "It's

filled right up now, Great-grand," he said, just to break the silence.

There was no answer, and one of the men, as he started the truck, said: "Reckon it was easier to fill 'er up than it was to sink 'er, boss."

The old man nodded slowly.

"Did you—did you mind, Great-grand?" Don asked as the truck moved off.

He had to repeat the question. Then the old man stood up. "I was thinkin'," he said. "Your great-grandmother pulled water by hand for four days before I could get help, one time when I broke my wrist." He spat—a habit that never failed to fascinate Don and irritate his mother—and the blob of saliva formed a coated globule in the red dust. "Tell your Mum I won't be stopping for crib, after all. I'll get back."

He had gone off, with his long, loose

MAN

by PATRICK WINN



The big rails were up. But Don must carry on . . . must finish the job at all costs



ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

slouch, without saying another word, and Don looked at the blob of spittle and tried very hard to make one of his own. He thought he would sink a well himself one day.

That, of course, was a vague "some-time" plan. Not like his ambition to become big enough to open and shut the stockyard slip-rails. He was always trying to do that, straining with his small arms at the heavy poles. On the rare occasions when he had seen them used, he had been thrilled by the screeching rasp they had as they slid through the strong iron staples. That was a *good* sound, and rails were so much more interesting than ordinary hinged gates, which were only like doors really, even if they were outside. So far he had not been able to open them.

When Great-grand finally came back to the homestead, Don did not see a

great deal of him as the old man was always more or less confined to his own room. Occasionally he felt well enough to sit on the veranda in the sun, smoking and spitting with practised precision from time to time, and then they simply kept each other company without talking much.

STELLA discouraged that as much as possible, although she always felt unhappy at having to do it. She did not dislike the old man and she had an inherently kind nature, but she felt that he belonged to a different world from that inhabited by the present-day Harkness family, and she was disturbed at the thought of Don coming too much in contact with his often uncouth ways.

Then Great-grand became really sick. The doctor was brought from town and stayed two days. He left, promising to

arrange for a nurse to come out to be in constant attendance. Don got into the habit of creeping about quietly, not because there was any reason for silence but because the whole place seemed to be tensed and nervy.

At first it was no more than that, but after a day or two it turned into a more frightening thing. Always, day and night, never stopping, Great-grand's voice could be heard in a whispering monotone that rose and fell, an inescapable background to all normal sounds. It went on for days, and Don could see how much the strain was telling on his parents. In his mother it was especially noticeable.

He was forbidden from the start to go near the room where Great-grand mumbled and whispered, but The Sound was everywhere. You couldn't grasp it or touch it, but you couldn't get away

from it either. It was there all the time, soaking into you.

Don began to feel that if he could only hear what Great-grand was saying the sound would be easier to stand. He crept round the forbidden side of the house where the old man's room was, frightened but drawn on by a tearing curiosity and a determination to face up to the thing that frightened him.

He could hear better now. Great-grand's voice was weak and shaky and he seemed to be pleading, then arguing. He was saying something about the stock, and the blacks, and then, just as Don crept a little closer, his mother saw him.

"Don! Come back here at once!"

He stopped and went back. She was very angry, he could see, and there was something else, too. She looked so different with all her calmness gone. "I

Cattle man

continued from previous page

told you that you mustn't come round this side of the house," she said, an unusually shrill note in her voice.

Don nodded. "Mum—is Great-grand very ill?"

"Very ill," she said jerkily. "So ill that he shouldn't be here at all. But your father. . . ." She stopped, then went on: "Anyway, understand. You must keep away from here."

"All right."

Don wandered away, back towards the stockyard. He saw his mother lie down on the lounge on the veranda and cover her ears with her hands. He was very sorry that she was so upset.

There was a bobtail goanna under the ti-tree hedge and he went to look for it. As usual it took him a long time to find it, lying flat and still against the camouflage of the dull-green oval leaves. He let it bite his stick a few times, then watched it waddle deeper into the ti-tree.

His mother was still on the veranda with her hands covering her ears, trying to shut out The Sound. She looked terribly tired, like somebody who had cried a long time.

Dad had gone into town again to find out what had happened to the nurse. For the rest of the afternoon Don wandered aimlessly around—keeping away from the house. He had to go back at teatime, and he was given his tea by himself. Mother was not having any, he was told.

It was a long evening until bedtime. And all the time The Sound soaked through the house, even when Don put his head under the bedclothes.

He heard the car come back and wondered if the doctor or the nurse had come with Dad, so he crept up and went to the end of the passage. Dad came in alone. He hurried to the lounge and Don could hear him talking to Mum.

" . . . No, he's away," he was saying. "He made all the arrangements for the nurse before he went, but it seems she fell and broke an ankle."

Through the crack in the door Don could see Dad with his arms round Mum. Her face was pressed against his shoulder.

"Barry, I just can't stand it! I can't! If he would only stop, for a while. . . ."

"I know, dear." Dad stroked her hair gently. He seemed tired and uncertain, not like himself.

Mum went on: "You mustn't think me hard and cruel, asking you to send Great-grand away to a hospital. You don't, do you?"

"Of course I don't. But. . . ."

Mum's fingers looked bony as she clutched his arm. She was trembling. "I shouldn't have said it. It would be cruel to do that. He has a right to be here, if anybody has. Poor old man—he's so lost. . . ."

"This may go on for days—weeks, even."

She sobbed. "Oh, no! It can't, surely. I—none of us could stand it. And there's Don."

DAD unloosed her hands and turned her face up to his. "Listen," he said. "Tomorrow I'll get one of the men to take you and Don into town. You must stay there until it's over."

The Sound from the other side of the house swelled up a little louder. Don wanted to go in to them, but Mum was speaking again. Her voice sounded flat and very tired.

"No," she was saying. "I won't leave you to it on your own. I'm not a quitter."

Don crept back to his room and sat on the edge of his bed. It was all very frightening. The Sound went on and on, and he was thinking of what Mum had said: *Poor old man—he's so lost. . . .*

It must be terrible to be lost. Don had sometimes thought of people lost in the bush. That would be bad, but it must be much worse to feel lost, at

home, with people all round you. Maybe—if he went and sat with Great-grand for a while like Mum and Dad did. . . . ? But that was forbidden. Still. . . .

The Sound went on, horribly.

Don got up. He knew Mum and Dad had not gone to bed. One of them would be staying up, or both of them in turns, as they had been doing. Holding his hands clenched very tight at his sides, he went along the passage and through the hall and opened Great-grand's door.

A shaded light was on. From the doorway the figure in the bed looked unfamiliarly small. Don forced himself forward, one step at a time, until he could see the thin face. It was small and bony and weak, not like Great-grand at all, and the endless whimpering stream of words came through a stubble of beard.

Panic swamped him suddenly like a great wave and he wanted to run out screaming. But just then the eyes opened and saw him, and Don couldn't move then. The eyes held him.

For a long time they looked at each other, and Don knew that it was Great-grand all right, only different. It must be awful, he thought, to find yourself suddenly a different person. That was what "lost" meant. Strangely, he wasn't afraid any more. Not in the same way.

"Who are you?" said Great-grand.

The hoarse words made Don take a step nearer. His mouth felt dry, and all he could say was: "Don."

"Don, eh?" The faded eyes seemed to weigh him up carefully, and then

Great-grand twisted half on his side and stretched out his hand. Don put his own into the hot, bone-dry one, confidently.

"So you're Don, are you?" The old man struggled farther round. "Now look, Don. You seem a good sort of bloke. You'd help a man if he was up against it, wouldn't you?"

Don nodded. "I—yes, I'd help."

"Yes." Words began to tumble from the thin lips. "Y'see, Don, I've got to get those cattle yarded properly, but I can't get up. See? There's something wrong with me, cramp or something, an' I can't get up."

"No. You lie still. It'll be all right."

THE tumbling words became a snarl. "It won't be all right! Blast it, that's what they all say! Nobody will listen."

"Don't you see? It took me three weeks to muster that mob, three weeks of plain hell, and they're all I've got. They'll get out, I tell you, and go bush. There's water in all the holes out back, and once they head for that I'll never be able to get them in again on my own. And when the holes dry up they'll perish, those that the blacks haven't speared."

It might have been the old man's intensity that caused Don to see the picture clearly; or it might have been that there was, after all, only a thin line dividing the sick man's imaginings and the games the boy played daily. Whatever the reason, he found it all quite natural.

"What do you want me to do?"

A spark of hope showed at the back of the tired, feverish eyes. "You'll help me. I knew I'd picked the right man. Look, that damned Tarbrush has gone walkabout and he's left the stockyard rails down."

"But. . . ." Don was just going to

say that he knew the rails were up, but then he stopped.

"Go and put 'em up for me, will you, mate?"

The boy released his hand. This wasn't a game. This was real.

"All right. I'll go now and come back when I've done it. Don't worry."

Before he went out through the open windows he turned to give Great-grand a reassuring nod. As he padded across the wide veranda he was aware of a change, an easing of something, like the feeling when a tooth stopped aching, and he then realized that The Sound had stopped. For the first time for days and days it had stopped. Great-grand was lying there listening.

He dropped to the strip of garden and on to the grass beyond. It was very dark and the dew was cold on his bare feet, soaking through his pyjamas so that they flapped icily against his legs. He hardly noticed that. He was worried over the heavy rails which he had never been able to handle.

He walked steadily. You never run when going up to camping cattle; he knew that. You'd scare them.

The rails were up, as he had known they were, but that made no difference. Great-grand would be straining to hear the screech and rasp they always made as they were slid home.

STANDING on the lower rail he took hold of the top one and tried it. It seemed immovable, but he struggled desperately. He was sweating before he felt it begin to move, and he was gripping it so tight to his body that the rough wood grazed a strip of skin from his chest, tearing his jacket. But he tugged and battled until there was only an inch or so to go. He would have to leave it like that, because if he dropped it he would never lift it again.

Then he got down and started on the bottom rail. That was a little easier because he had a better foothold, but when he had that in position, too, he had to stop for a minute because his breathing was hurting him. The night air was cold and he was trembling when he completed the job.

With his small hands gripping desperately he braced his feet and gave one tremendous heave. The screech of the wood in the iron staple ripped into the night, and it seemed like music. He almost fell to the ground, then dragged the bottom rail home, too.

A beam of light splashed from the opened front door, and he saw Dad running towards the yard, but he kept straight on although his legs were trembling and he felt sick. He slipped through the window, certain that Mum would be there. She gave a small cry, her hands at her throat, as she saw him.

It was not the sound of the rails that had brought her hurrying in. It was the cessation of sound from this room after all the hideous hours. She was not prepared for the sight of Don at the window. His pyjamas were soaked. One sleeve was torn and his arm showed a long, jagged scratch where a splinter had caught him.

But Great-grand had heard, he could see that. He nodded and said: "Thanks, mate." He gave a long, tired sigh and leaned back.

"Don! Oh, Don!"

"It's all right, Mum. I had to fix the stockyard for Great-grand, see. . . ."

It felt wonderful with her arms round him. Suddenly he was only a small boy again, tired, cold, and his arm hurt.

From the warm shelter of her arms he heard Great-grand speaking. His voice was like his old voice, only very weak. Not like The Sound.

"Seem to have been dreaming. I'd left a mob of cattle . . . can't remember . . . but Don helped me out. You're Stella, aren't you? You know what?"

"What, Great-grand?" Mum sounded very gentle and kind.

"You've bred a cattle man there. Don't forget it."

"I've bred a Harkness of Corribulla. I won't forget," she said.

"That's what I said," answered Great-grand irritably. But he smiled as he closed his eyes.

THE END

© Patrick Winn, 1958



Stella was trembling. "You mustn't think me hard and cruel, asking you to send Great-grand away," she said

We built our own hospital

continued from page 15

as though he were an emergency case, and he was back working before we had time to miss him.

"It won't be my fault if there are hold-ups on the job," said Constance Irwin, the matron.

When the ground was clear we began to excavate before laying the foundations. A post office clerk, who had been treated at the hospital after a cycling accident, turned out to be an expert hand with a concrete mixer. Another man, who spent many hot evenings filling the machine, had been nursed through a severe attack of pneumonia.

Major-General Sir Bertram Rowcroft, the president of our British Legion branch, went into action with a shovel. "I enjoy rude health myself," he told me, "but I've seen enough lives saved by quick medical attention to know the importance of what is being done."

Luck was against us. After several days of digging we struck running sand, the nightmare of builders in this part of the country. As fast as we dug, the hole filled again.

We stepped up our working hours. Vivash, who is a keen gardener, got up at five o'clock in the morning to work on his allotment so that he could be with us in the evening. Lewis Legge, a draper—recalling appreciatively that after his son had his tonsils out the boy had wanted to stay in hospital—joined us several evenings a week with Jimmy Norton, of the general stores, who had a successful operation four years ago.

So that we could work after dark, the borough council loaned us some lamps, and Lionel Cornish, a publican, brought along the fairy lights which normally decorate his pub.

For a fortnight we fought the running sand before admitting defeat. We needed a mechanical excavator—which meant a large and unexpected bill.

With dramatic timing, help arrived in the person of Eli Emmett, a Lyme Regis

and extra accommodation for stores and a physiotherapist's department.

To our dismay, we reckoned that it would cost about £3,500 in materials instead of £1,500, and call for twice the work which we had envisaged.

At an emergency committee meeting the chairman was frank. "We are in trouble," he said. "On the one hand, we can't give back the money already collected, and on the other, if we collect more we may still not get enough. Do we go ahead, or do we stop?" Unanimously, we decided to go ahead.

The problem was overcome very largely by the Rotary Club and Miss Kathleen Sampson, a retired nurse with a hefty appetite for welfare work. They organized a competition in which contestants were charged a shilling a time to guess the attendance at the Earls Court motor show. The prize, a new car, was displayed on the esplanade.

The idea was a winner. Driving from post to post in her prewar baby Austin, Kathleen Sampson rallied the ticket-sellers. John Pitt, the bank manager who acted as treasurer—and who later found himself a patient in the hospital after a heart attack—had to recruit his wife and mother-in-law to help file the duplicates each evening.

We start to build

On the site—digging finished and the flow of sand temporarily stemmed—a critical moment was reached. We wished to set in the hole a huge concrete raft upon which the new wing would stand. We had to do it in one operation.

I warned every worker whom I could find to stand-by. We marshalled a dozen wheelbarrows and three concrete mixers.

In order to get enough water to keep three mixers on the go, a chain of bucket carriers tramped through the hospital staff's rest room to the kitchen. None of the staff was resting. Those who were not on duty were helping on the site.

Other members of the gang laid in position strips of railway line to reinforce the raft, then poured concrete on them. They worked so quickly that the vicar, who was in charge of the bags of concrete, could barely open them fast enough.

In just under three hours the raft was complete. We had put down thirty tons of concrete. Joe Butcher, the tobacconist, brought out a large box of cigars and we puffed them proudly.

Several professional bricklayers gave their time free to help with the more skilled operations which followed. They were assisted by many willing amateurs.

The fight for the last few hundred pounds was conducted vigorously. The matron and Jean Fernandez, a doctor's wife, ran a dance and made £38. One woman gave us flowers from her garden. Lilies of the valley, sold on the station to visitors, brought in £20.

Our glamour patrol

Our collectors ranged from a four-year-old girl to a woman of eighty-four; from Albert Lane, the town clerk, to a patrol of glamour girls. We got contributions from many parts of Britain, New Zealand, America, Africa, Norway, Denmark and Germany.

Special money-raising efforts were put on by the amateur drama club, the girl guides, the church, local political groups and many other organizations.

Now the new wing has its roof on and work is going on inside. When a count was made during the summer, a total of £3,571 3s. 3d. had been collected for the materials, which builders' merchants supplied at cost.

And we reckoned that we had saved something like £2,000 on labour. I doubt if there is a single citizen in the town who has not contributed in one way or another.

Nobody wants accidents, but whenever an emergency call reaches the hospital in future the people of Lyme Regis will have good reason to be glad that they made their effort.

THE END

CHARM—I

There is no personal charm so great as the charm of a cheerful temperament.

Henry Van Dyke

builder who brought his son to the hospital after an accident. He heard of our problem—and wrote a cheque to pay for the excavator.

Now we reversed our former task. To make a pier from which the machine could scoop into the treacherous sand, we had to collect all the hard rubbish we had dumped during our excavating and take it back to the hole.

Meanwhile, a campaign to raise money for our materials was in progress. A hospital extension committee had been formed and it had agreed to seek the regional hospital board's approval for a building plan we had drawn up. I estimated that we would need £1,500.

A few dissenters who protested that the National Health Service existed to provide for their needs, and not to be provided for, went unheeded in the rush to collect money.

Lady Abbot Anderson, an art enthusiast, organized an exhibition of paintings of the district—and raised £30. There were £120 from a bring-and-buy sale at the hospital, five guineas from the grammar school and £3 from the infant school. One woman who attended her doctor's surgery for consultation produced her cheque book and handed over £100.

We seemed well set to reach our target when the regional hospital board announced that it could not pass our plan. Instead, it put forward a more ambitious design of its own. Where we had settled for a single floor, it required two.

The design provided for a large modern treatment room, three examination rooms, a spacious waiting room

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TO YOUR DOOR!**



How the Reds plan to take over the unions

continued from page 19

executive members, including the general secretary, John Horner, resigned from the party after Soviet intervention in Hungary. The A.E.U. and the National Union of Mineworkers are heavily infiltrated by Communists at branch and district level.

Last January the general secretary of the Union of Post Office Workers, Ron Smith, warned members that Communists were gaining ground in the union. But the Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers, the Chemical Workers' Union, and the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers have all defeated strong Communist take-over bids.

The endless persistence of Communist trade unionists at branch level and above, and their painstaking committee work, frequently launch them into power through default. At thinly attended branch meetings, Communist officials will often spend hours debating the minutes of the last meeting while their opponents, bored with the proceedings, drift away; then the important items on the agenda are put forward.

"Once we had a big drive and got rid of all the Communists on the branch committee," says an A.E.U. official, "but the new members got so fed-up with committee work that they soon resigned, and the Communists all came back."

Communist propaganda on the factory floor is effectively simple and direct. The employer is the eternal enemy, the working man the perpetual victim. The Communist Party is depicted as striving on the worker's behalf, but constantly under fire.

The missing crust

"Can any worker show an extra crust of bread gained by all the anti-Communism of the last forty years? The answer is no!" declares a broadsheet recently circulated in a London factory.

Many left-wing members of the trade unions consider that a militant official is a good one—even a Communist.

Every member of the Communist Party is pledged to join a trade union; the official membership numbers 25,000, but nearly twice as many subscribe to the party newspaper, the *Daily Worker*. Infiltration is not only confined to the large unions.

The Association of Scientific Workers, a small, specialized trade union of some 12,000 members, provides a front of solid professional respectability behind which the association's strong Communist connections are given additional moral force.

Almost a third of the A.Sc.W.'s national executive are Communists. It is affiliated to the Britain-China Friendship Association and the World Federation of Scientific Workers—organizations proscribed by the Labour Party.

For the last five years anti-Communists in the A.Sc.W. have campaigned for disaffiliation from the W.F.S.W. without success. The fight has been led by a shrewd, sharp-featured Blackpool hospital chemist, Jack Williams. In 1949, Williams was persuaded to take over as secretary of the association's Blackpool and Fylde branch.

"Soon afterwards," he says, "the area secretary, a woman Communist, came along to congratulate me on my public spirit." In 1950 Williams won a seat on the North-West Area committee of the association where he found himself confronted by eleven Communists and their supporters in a committee of thirteen. But Williams campaigned so industriously against Communist infiltration among the local branches that by 1957 all the Communists on the committee had been defeated.

Communist tactics in the A.Sc.W. are far removed from the vigorous strategy of the factories and dockyards but some essentials are the same. In 1955 Dennis Cassidy, a member of the

executive council, resigned in order to make a protest at the association's annual conference. He complained that on the evening before each meeting of the executive, the Communist members met in separate conclave to determine joint policy.

The British Communist Party decided, at a national congress in 1943, to direct its main effort through the trade unions. In many of the unions Communist influence was already strong, particularly in the mining, engineering and dockyard industries.

Early in 1944, while the war was still at its height, one party member was invited by the National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers to organize the members of that union working on the coal wharves of a large section of the docks in London, Kent and Essex. He formed a new branch of the union—No. 11—and was elected secretary.

Within six months the branch membership swelled from thirteen to several hundreds. Shortly afterwards, by threatening his employer with industrial action, the Communist branch secretary was promoted to foreman.

Soon he decided to test his strength. A strike was called over a current dispute, although negotiations had been going well, and the men had been offered more than they had asked for. The coal wharves were silent for two days. Up-river and down, power stations and light industries began to grow short of fuel.

The secretary of No. 11 branch felt strong enough for almost anything. Three men in the branch who had begun an anti-Communist campaign were reported to the employers for slacking. The branch committee approved the charge, and imposed a fine of £2 on each of the men. They refused to pay, and left the union.

A strike was called, and the employers were asked to dismiss them. This request was refused, and subsequently the strikers returned; but the three anti-Communists remained isolated, and made no more trouble for the union. The strike demonstrated complete solidarity—it was a warning both to the employers, and to any remaining dissidents in the branch.

Fear played a prominent part in the secretary's tactics. Non-Communists were persuaded to put forward Communist resolutions at the branch meetings; others found themselves speaking in favour of motions which they did not support. Members who dared to put forward a non-Communist point of view quickly found themselves the centre of ridicule and abuse.

The branch office became a centre for Communist propaganda and recruiting; the secretary received pamphlets from

Communist Party headquarters, re-wrote them with a brief reference to the branch, and put them out for circulation. In little over a year he had recruited seventy-five new members for the Communist Party, the majority of whom came from the docks.

Within a few years the secretary of No. 11 branch was promoted to the national executive of N.A.S.D. where he quickly built up a reputation as a skilled negotiator. When the Albert Dock hoist operators were given an improvement in their differential pay scale, the increase was offered and not negotiated—so he advised the men not to accept it, although the employers put the extra money to one side.

Winning trick

A few months later when the incident was almost forgotten, he announced that he'd negotiated an increase for the hoist men—and got it back-dated.

Meanwhile the secretary was elected for a two-year term as president of the N.A.S.D.; he conducted negotiations, and organized strikes, on a national scale.

In 1949, after he had reverted to the national executive committee, he found himself listening to the arguments put forward by a speaker from the Moral Rearmament movement to which he had gone with a group of other Communists, with the purpose of breaking it up.

He says: "I began to see wide gaps in the theory and principles of Communism and eventually I decided to resign from the party. I resigned my seat on the executive and stood again as a non-Communist; I was heavily defeated."

"From that time on I lived in a social void. My weekly earnings, which depended upon agreements with the employer, sometimes dropped by as much as a half; I was getting less than the members of the gangs I employed. My family was ostracized. Twice I had to defend myself from physical violence."

The ex-secretary of No. 11 branch left the docks in 1954. A powerful, swarthy man with a ready smile, he looks strangely unsuited to his present employment as a shop assistant.

"As a Communist," he says, "I had to live with my faith for every moment of the day."

"I was a member of a group which included three teachers at a local school, and I often used my daughter, who was a pupil there, as a courier; she carried confidential party documents in her satchel and gave them to her teacher."

"Later, when I entered the trade unions, the party policy was to create as much dislocation as possible. We did this by extreme militancy which

also had the effect of convincing the workers that we were on their side. "The theory was that if they could be made to suffer hard enough and long enough, they would finally kick—which was where we came in. We were told that we would have to destroy before we could build."

A typical weakness is the tendency of Communists in power to overplay their hand—as in the Cannon-Frazer election in the Electrical Trades Union.

In this union, which has the motto, "Light and Liberty," Communist domination is complete. Power is held by a trio of top Communists: the president, Frank Foulkes, a grizzled veteran with a certain avuncular charm and a gift as a raconteur; the general secretary, Frank Haxell, and the assistant general secretary, Bob McLennan.

In September, 1957, an election was held for a vacant seat on the E.T.U. national executive, representing the London and South Western Division. The seat was a vital one, carrying the power of veto over the union's policy-making sub-committee, which had been entirely Communist dominated. One of the candidates for the seat, Leslie Cannon, was an ex-Communist who had resigned from the party and become an opponent of Communist methods. The other—Jack Frazer—was a Communist.

The first returns indicated that Cannon had won by more than three hundred votes, but later the disqualification of the votes of a number of branches which had supported Cannon, by the E.T.U. executive, led to his opponent being declared the winner.

It was later discovered that a number of anti-Communist branches had been visited on the evening of the election by pro-Communist members of other branches who had reported minor breaches of the rules to the executive.

The Reading branch, which voted 50-12 in favour of Cannon, was disqualified on the minor technical point of appointing scrutineers on the wrong night. Another Reading branch, Reading Supply, voted 137-80 in favour of Frazer. Its return was sent in two days late—a far more serious breach of the rules—but the votes were accepted.

Banned from office

Despite strong protests from the disqualified branches, the result was allowed to remain in favour of the Communist candidate. Cannon was later suspended from holding office in the union and his name was withdrawn as delegate to the T.U.C. conference.

In 1956 Charles Sonnex, a dapper, businesslike trade union official who had been personal assistant to the late Ben Gardner, A.E.U. general secretary, set up an organization—Industrial Research and Information Services—designed to circulate trade union information, with particular emphasis on exposing Communist tactics throughout the movement.

Sonnex began operating from a small suite of offices in Maritime House, headquarters of the National Union of Seamen. He was joined by a group of other prominent trade unionists, including Jack Tanner, retired A.E.U. president.

Tanner has watched the growth of Communist influence in the unions from the beginning; in 1920 he met and argued with Lenin, during a visit to Moscow. "Communist strength in the unions," he says, "fluctuates in relation to the vigilance, or apathy, of the non-Communist majority. The danger hasn't been quite so apparent in the past few years, but it could easily come back."

Many of the active anti-Communists in the unions are concerned that unless vigilance is maintained, Communist influence could increase to a point where the proceedings of a meeting at a pro-Communist branch of the A.E.U. in the London area last May might become a normal feature of trade union life.

A few non-Communists who had strayed into the meeting were surprised to see a guest speaker take the platform when the union business was finished. The visitor turned out to be an official from the Russian Embassy.

He proceeded to deliver a chattily informative talk entitled "Life in the Soviet Union."

THE END



"See what I mean?"

Bargain Basements



The cave-dwellers
of 1958 have made
an art of living
comfortably in the
world belowstairs



A general view of the living-room before conversion. The most tedious task was covering the hexagonal tiles with layers of lining paper before wallpapering. But the finished result—Crown yellow and white wallpaper on three walls, John Line handprinted black and white paper on the window wall—was well worth the trouble. The clever room divider made from an old bookcase, with the back removed and shelves re-arranged standing on Brianco legs with thick bamboo poles above, separates the living from the dining area

BASEMENTS had a bad name. They were supposed to be damp, dismal, haunted by the ghosts of short-tempered Victorian cooks and downtrodden slaveys. But basements have gone up in the world. Ingenious home-makers with an eye for hidden possibilities are turning them into cosy, contemporary homes. Some of the best transformations I have seen were carried out at bargain prices.

Shortage of living space first raised the social tone of the basement. Every nook and cranny in every house has been pressed into service. Lofts designed only for storage, and basements which started as boiler houses have become living quarters. Young people searching desperately for homes and quite prepared for a little hard work have made pleasant flats out of places which would never have been habitable before.

Basement living has its charms. Of all the flats in a house, the basement is the most truly private. Once the area gate has clicked behind you, you are

at home, and nobody comes clattering past your front door on the way to his own. You can dance, jump or thump on the floor without fear of disturbing the people below. Gardens and areas usually go with basement flats—in the summer you can eat and sit out of doors.

Basements also have their problems. Rooms are inclined to be gloomy when windows open on to small, deep areas. Ceilings are often low, floors made of chilly concrete. Rising damp can create flooring problems. Kitchens and boiler-houses may have left a legacy of old-fashioned ranges, vast boilers and forests of pipes.

Sunny Illusion

Gloom is curable. On a later page I show two ways of using glass to bring more light into dark rooms. Area walls can be painted white, to reflect light into the windows. Impossibly dark windows can be cut out altogether. A venetian blind with a fluorescent lamp behind it can create an illusion of hidden sunshine. The claustrophobic effect of low ceilings can be counteracted by decorating tricks

—stripes running vertically on the walls, or a light ceiling with darker walls.

To appreciate subtle, restrained colour schemes you need a bright light. In basements, where the light is dimmer, you can let yourself go with rich, brilliant colours. Flames, oranges and yellows which might look crude in other rooms will look warm and cheerful here.

Clammy floors need not be a problem—a layer of roofing felt underneath carpet or linoleum makes them impervious to damp and warm to the tread. Troublesome damp can often be cured by a little attention to the outside of the house—unclogging airbricks, and levelling high-banked flower beds. Un-sightly pipes can be removed altogether, if they are unused, or they can be boxed in or painted dark against a dark wall.

Basement heating need not be a big problem. The space is so enclosed that, once heated, it retains its warmth. A thermostatically controlled electric oil-filled radiator, or low-burning oil stove, will keep a basement room snug in winter. Conversely, on hot days, like a cellar, it is cool and fresh.

A couple of years ago, two young men

—Tony Carvell and Bruce Kennedy—were lucky enough to find an unoccupied basement of a large Victorian house in London. Not having much money to spare, they decided to tackle the job of conversion themselves. I was interested in their project and took photographs of the flat before they started work. Now I have photographed the finished rooms and the pictures on these pages show you what they have made of it.

Transformation

When they moved in there was virtually nothing there but kitchens, sculleries and boxrooms. The main kitchen they marked down for a living-room, and tackled it first. The only structural alteration which they made was to remove the service lift in the corner. Behind it they found a perfectly good cupboard. This they divided into three sections. In the middle section they built a goldfish tank. The top they used for storage and the bottom for bottles and glasses for the Formica-topped bar which Bruce had built. They retained the old-fashioned built-in

Service lift and dresser become music corner

Bruce's home-built bar with red Formica top dominates this corner. The cupboard they found behind the service lift provides useful storage space, and houses a goldfish tank. The dresser without the upper shelves and with clumsy knobs removed becomes a streamlined fitment for books and gramophone, with a picture gallery above. Heavy mouldings, unsightly wires and pipes where the wall meets the ceiling are hidden by an attractive hardboard pelmet



dresser but left only two of the shelves above it. They stripped the paint off the dresser top and found that it was made of handsome hardwood which they polished. They removed the big knobs from drawers and cupboards.

Decoratively the flat presented one special problem. All the rooms and passages were lined from floor to ceiling with hexagonal glazed tiles, rather the worse for wear. These lavatorial wall surfaces made a discouraging picture. They could not satisfactorily be painted so Tony and Bruce pasted lining paper over all the walls, to give a smooth surface on which wallpaper could be hung.

In other ways the flat presented fewer decorating problems than most basements. The rooms are tall, so no deception was needed to make the ceiling appear loftier. In fact, they have brought it down a little by masking the top of the wall with a wavy hardboard pelmet, painted dark red to match the ceiling. This pelmet conceals a light over the dresser which spotlights the Picasso print hanging there.

The floor had already been laid with lino tiles, which were in good order. At the living end of the room Tony and Bruce have laid a piece of red carpet, the same colour as the ceiling and a patterned rug at the dining end. The two areas are split by a room divider made from an old bookcase with its shelves slightly rearranged, standing on the floor and secured to the ceiling by thick bamboo poles.

The colours they chose were canary yellow and white Crown wallpaper on three walls, with a handprinted John Line paper in black and white on the window wall.

The dark red ceiling and carpet combine happily with the walls. The curtains are a grey and white print. For the furniture they have picked neutral tones with an emphasis on natural bamboo and cane, for the room divider, chairs and occasional table.

A clause in the lease compels the tenant of the flat to keep the boiler burning to provide hot water and central heating for the whole household, so their own heating is no problem. But the boiler was an eyesore until they thought of screening it with a pineoleum blind, which rolls up for stoking operations and hides it at other times. The enormous fireplace which once contained the kitchen range has been lined with wall-board and painted. One day it will accommodate a studio couch.

One of the most spectacular transformations is Bruce's bedroom, made out of what was once a second kitchen. All the kitchen fitments were removed, and the stove and refrigerator installed in a new kitchenette. Now the old kitchen makes the pleasant bedroom which you see in the picture, with a thick red curtain over the back door to keep out draughts.

And what did this basement transformation cost? Well, chiefly a lot of hard work. The actual expenditure, including the purchase of most of the furniture and a heavy bill for professional removal and refixing of kitchen equipment, has been around £200. Remembering that flat as I first saw it, I find this a remarkably modest outlay for a strikingly happy and successful transformation.

The boiler gets a new look

The original boiler, which provides hot water and central heating for the whole house, is a necessary evil in Tony's and Bruce's living-room. But they have cleverly turned it from an eyesore into an integral part of the room by enclosing it up to ceiling height, and wallpapering the outside to match the rest of the room. For easy access they have hung a pineoleum blind in front, which rolls up when the boiler is stoked. This has the added advantage that it lets heat percolate into the room, providing year-round central heating. No heating problems here



The most astounding transformation of all

It hardly seems possible that this kitchen could become a pleasant bedroom-cum-study, but when the furniture, stove and sink had been removed, it suddenly seemed spacious. The faulty ceiling has been covered with a false ceiling of hardboard painted to match the scheme. Draughts from the former back door have been defeated with a thick, red floor-to-ceiling curtain, and the walls are covered with a Crown wallpaper of pale straw colouring



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Campbeltown deals the last shattering blow

by C. E. LUCAS PHILLIPS

Now came the moment the captive
commandos had waited for . . .
and the defiant master-stroke that
was to set the seal on victory

WITH twenty-eight souls aboard — fourteen naval and fourteen commandos whom it had been found impossible to put ashore on St. Nazaire docks — the little motor launch had withdrawn successfully through belts of searchlights and gunfire to the open sea. The soldiers were bitter at not having landed, but their commander, Lieutenant R. O. C. Swayne, had immediately accepted the decision of the launch commander, Lieutenant Ian Henderson.

Indeed, very few of the commandos had got ashore from the flotilla of little wooden launches which had taken part in this most gallant, daring and desperate raid—"the sauciest job since Drake"—on the St. Nazaire docks on the night of March 27, 1942. But the prime purposes of the raid had been brilliantly, almost incredibly, achieved.

The old destroyer Campbeltown, crammed with hidden explosives on delayed-action fuses, had been rammed hard across the gate of the great Normandie Dock, vital for Germany's battleships. Commando demolition parties scrambling ashore from her had wrought huge damage with explosives.

But the flotilla of motor launches that had followed, intending to land more commandos and then withdraw the whole force, had met disaster. Few troops had been put ashore. Of seventeen craft, nine had already been lost, and the remainder forced to run out to sea, leaving the troops on shore to make a wonderful but vain effort to break out through vastly greater numbers of the enemy into open country.

The launches that got away were to

rendezvous with two British destroyers, Tynedale and Atherstone. But Henderson's launch, early for the first rendezvous, had pushed on for the next.

Suddenly Swayne was called to the bridge and handed night glasses. Through them he could see three German destroyers coming almost directly towards them through the darkness. "What will you do if they see us?" he asked.

"We shall have to fight, of course," replied Henderson, an R.N.V.R. sailor who was in peacetime an underwriter at Lloyd's, a man with wife and young family. His featherweight launch had half the speed of the 800-ton German ships, and armed with only a few machine guns and small arms.

It was very cold. A bright phosphorescence lit the disturbed waters at bow and stern as the German ships came on. Another minute and they were right on the port beam, barely a hundred yards away, menacingly large. In the motor launch the men could even hear the German voices. Every man followed the enemy shapes intently, his weapon ready. The forward Oerlikon was still jammed, but the after gun stood ready, manned by Ordinary Seamen T. N. Garner and R. Batteson and controlled by Sub-Lieutenant Pat Landy wearing a white submarine frock.

Amidships, between the bridge and the mast, Able Seaman A. V. Alder manned the little twin Lewis guns on their high, exposed anti-aircraft mounting. Just abaft the mast, among the commandos, Sergeants Tom Durrant and E. L. D. Chappell, the sandy-haired Corporal E. Evans and Corporals F. Llewellyn and G. Salisbury were manning the four Bren guns, crouching low behind the deck petrol-tanks. Manning

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This elegant rack with French polished mahogany ends holds sixty records. The wire divisions are polythene coated. Also from the Army & Navy Stores, it costs 67s. 6d.



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Increase your library as you collect with Record Housing's Nordyk units. Each unit costs £4 17s. 6d., and the plinth costs an extra 9s. 6d. from stores.



The greatest raid of all

continued from previous page

tommy-guns were Lieutenant John Vanderwerf, Sergeant J. Gallagher and the remainder of their squad. Down in the engine-room Petty Officer Motor Mechanic A. L. Bennett and Stoker E. A. Butcher, having no idea what was afoot, stood by attentively with their engines stopped.

The German ships appeared quite blind to the presence of the little motor launch. Two of them passed ghostlike into the night behind them, the silence broken only by the German voices and the swish of the bright bow waves. The third ship, Jaguar, came abeam and began to pass likewise. The little group on the bridge of the launch held their breaths, scarcely believing their luck.

"Investigate" order

On board Jaguar, meanwhile, the short, stocky, dark-featured person of Kapitänleutnant F. K. Paul reported by radio to Korvettenkapitän Moritz Schmidt, in Seradler, that he had observed a "shadow" on his port hand. Schmidt ordered him to investigate.

Thus, when the German was on his extreme port quarter, Henderson observed him to swing out of line and begin to come round astern. The next moment the black shroud of night was violently ripped apart by the white blaze of Jaguar's main port searchlight.

The solitary motor launch stood instantaneously revealed, illuminated with so fierce a glare that all on board her felt as though suddenly stripped naked. Above them the White Ensign hung clearly displayed.

Henderson immediately ordered: "Slow ahead together."

Almost simultaneously the two ships opened fire on each other, and in the very first burst the German's searchlight was put out, the tinkling of the shattered glass clearly audible on the launch. There was a moment or two's darkness before he switched on a second searchlight, the fusillade continuing meantime. The German did not bring his main four-inch armament to bear for such apparently easy meat, but his heavy machine-guns soon caused casualties on Henderson's exposed deck and tore through his wooden hull. Paul counted upon an obvious surrender in such a hopeless case and he was eager to capture a prize rather than to sink.

Continuing her circular movement, Jaguar came up on Henderson's starboard hand at a range of only a hundred yards, still keeping the motor launch fully illuminated and under fire. A burst hit a small group of soldiers amidships, wounding several of them and kindling a small fire on the bridge. When nearly full on Henderson's starboard beam, she bore round still harder to port, closing the launch bows-on.

Thrown overboard

Henderson, seeing her bows suddenly looming high and near, realized that she was bearing down to ram. He ordered "Hard-a-port!" in the nick of time, and as Leading Seaman W. G. Sargent swung the wheel over, Jaguar, instead of ramming, struck the launch a glancing blow that rocked the little craft so violently that Vanderwerf, who had just been wounded in the head while blazing away with a tommy-gun, was thrown overboard, together with Ordinary Seaman G. Rees and two others.

Vanderwerf was never seen again and Rees, sucked underwater, had his toes taken off by the propellers.

As they recovered from the impact, hands on the motor launch saw the bows of the destroyer towering above them, the fo'c'sle rails crowded with Germans shouting excitedly and pouring straight down upon them a shower of small arms fire. The motor launch replied instantly, every small weapon blazing upwards. Swayne even used his Colt.

The German's attempt to ram had the effect of further stimulating the vigorous and combative spirit with which every man was filled that March

morning—it was "bloody sauce," it was like a foul at football, and they settled their weapons more grimly to their shoulders. Ammunition ran low and hands repeatedly went below for replenishment. Every minute added to their casualties, but not a man was dismayed.

After the attempt at ramming, Jaguar, apprehending from the movement at the motor launch's after Oerlikon that Henderson might drop a depth charge at these close quarters, sheered sharply off to starboard and then began again to circle the motor launch. "I was very angry," said Paul.

When the range had opened to about fifty yards, enabling his guns to depress on to the launch, he opened fire again, now using his Hotchkiss guns as well as his twenty-millimetres.

Henderson, admirably cool and possessed, watched Jaguar continue her circling movement and come round on his port hand. Sub-Lieutenant Philip Dark was beside him on the bridge and the wounded Sargent lay at their feet.

When square on his port beam, the destroyer, according to British reports, fired her four-inch armament. The shell hit the bridge direct, mortally wounding Henderson, killing Sargent and miraculously missing Dark but throwing him unconscious into the starboard corner.

There was a moment's deathly hush. Swayne, the only other officer of either service left unhurt, coming up from

CHARM—2

Charm is a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else. If you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have.

J. M. Barrie

below at that moment with ammunition, looked around upon the scene of desolation and menace. The ship reeked of high explosive. The deck was covered with prostrate forms and by the pallid light of approaching dawn he saw the dark bulk of the bigger ship closing in upon them again in a tighter circle for the destruction of its now immobile and helpless prey.

The German hailed them in English, calling upon them to surrender and shouting: "Stop shooting! Don't shoot!"

Immediately everything came to life again. Durrant, shot through with manifold wounds, opened fire once more with his twin Lewis, followed by Evans. The Welshman was shouting angry abuse at the Germans as fire was resumed. Stoker Butcher, having come up after the order to stop engines, was immediately hit in the leg. The enemy ship was now barely thirty yards away. Seeing no other course to take, Swayne started along the deck, scrambling over the prostrate forms to get out the dinghy which Henderson had managed to retain.

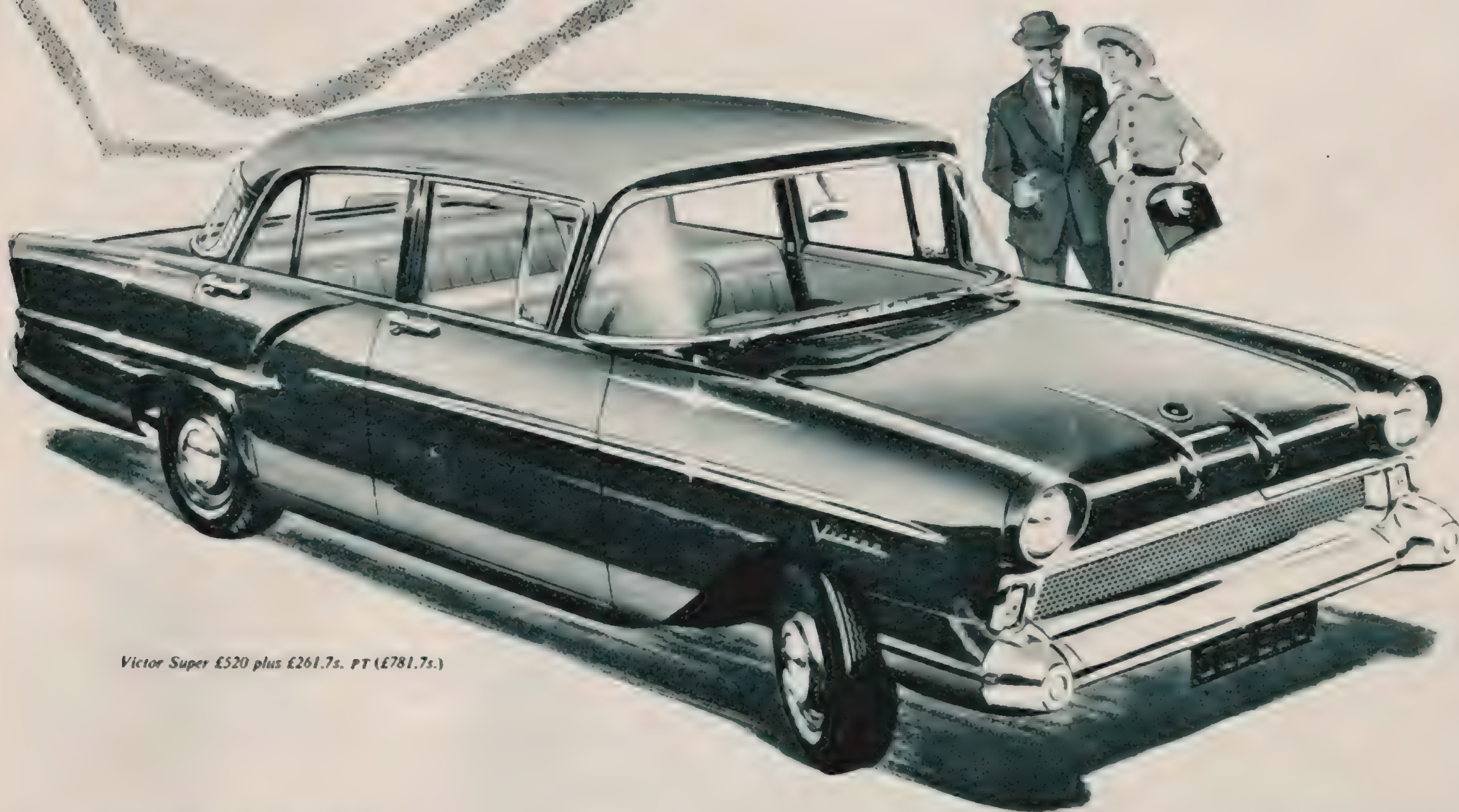
He passed Durrant, covered in blood but still standing up to his Lewis, gripping it with what little life and strength remained to him. He struggled aft to the dinghy and began to unship the gear that was stowed in it, but found it full of holes. At that moment Jaguar had closed to a distance of only a few yards and Paul, high on his bridge, again called down to them to surrender.

He was answered by the heroic Durrant. Lying half collapsed across his gun, the dying sergeant fired a burst straight up at the German bridge. It ripped across the small navigational table within an inch of the German captain.

Then Jaguar, again so close that her

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The greatest raid of all

continued from page 30

guns could not depress sufficiently to fire down on to the launch, went astern. When the range had opened far enough, she resumed firing and went ahead again. Once more Durrant was hit. His body was riddled with bullets—hit in both arms, both legs, stomach, chest and head. In terribly agony, he collapsed on deck.

It was time to stop, Swayne decided. There were no longer any means of continuing the fight. Out of twenty-eight, all hands of both services, not less than twenty were dead or wounded. It was now daylight and the destroyer was alongside, towering over them. Swayne, standing up by the dinghy, called out in English, and then in French: "I'm afraid we can't go on."

There was a moment's dead silence. The German commander looked down in astonishment upon the shattered boat, its deck covered with blood and litter and carpeted with dead and wounded men. Fearing that the British might "play a Richard Grenville," he said in English:

"You must not play any funny tricks."

Swayne answered the German: "No, I give you my word of honour."

Taken prisoner

Thus ended this astonishing fight, which the gallant motor launch had sustained nearly a full hour—from the pitch dark of soon after five thirty to the daylight of six thirty. Leaving their dead where they had fallen, her survivors climbed or were carried on board the enemy destroyer.

Ian Henderson, still just alive but completely unconscious, was brought up with them. They were fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Germans of honourable behaviour in the old tradition. Kapitänleutnant Paul treated them not only with humanity, but also consideration and chivalry. The ward-room and officers' cabins were given over to the wounded, and officers' sheets were torn up for extra wound dressings.

Sergeant Tom Durrant was dying. "The amount of pain he suffered and bore so well," Dark said, "was incredible for any human being." Because of a wound deep in the belly, Dark had to refuse him water, for which he was crying out. Bennett also was dying and Able Seaman Sparkes had compound fractures of both legs.

Paul, who spoke fairly good English, invited Swayne to his cabin for a drink and, when Swayne refused, said: "I don't want to question you." Thinking that it might be best not to offend an enemy obviously so well-disposed, Swayne agreed. When they had gone to his cabin the German said: "I wanted to compliment you on your brave fight. You had no chance, of course. Besides, I knew you would need a drink."

Dark was also well received by the first lieutenant, who invited him into his cabin to wash his face and to have a drink. They conversed in French. Afterwards, as he had had a year's medical training and as the German ship carried no doctor, Dark was asked to treat the German wounded, "after you have seen to your own."

There were few medical supplies and no morphia but fortunately the British officers carried morphine ampoules. Assisted by the German first-aid hand, Dark therefore did what little he could, and he put a tourniquet on Ordinary Seaman A. Shephard's shattered leg. He noticed the German upper deck soiled with blood, especially below the bridge.

He was also able to observe that the Germans had suffered at least two dead, and he treated four of their wounded before a new excitement distracted the attention of all as the German crew were ordered again to action stations.

Swayne had been given licence to be on the upper deck for a short time and it was with mixed feelings that, at a little after 6.30 a.m., he saw the silhouette of H.M.S. Tynedale on the horizon. By such a narrow margin had ML306 failed to reach the safety of her

protection. The motor launch, which had been made fast, was now cast off. Hopefully Swayne asked Paul if he intended to fight; but the German said no, he was fast enough to make port. Unfortunately, he was right. He came into St. Nazaire, anchoring not far from Campbeltown. There, as they went over the side under guard, Paul paid the launch's survivors signal honour of calling his ship's company to attention and himself saluting a gallant foe.

About a week later a German officer called on Newman in the prison camp at Rennes and said that he wished to bring to his notice the gallant conduct of a sergeant in a captured motor boat, "as you may wish to recommend him for a high award."

Commander R. E. D. Ryder, naval commander of the raid, had no knowledge of this. His headquarters gunboat had left the harbour area, last of the raiding craft, every German gun waiting for her. Only by a miracle had she so far escaped any vital damage, for she was riddled with holes, littered with debris, laden down with wounded men in every inch of her space, her decks slippery with blood. Dropping a smoke-float, Lieutenant Dunstan Curtis, her commander, ordered full speed ahead and quickly worked up to twenty-four knots on his three engines.

As the gunboat sped out, searchlights and guns from both sides of the river concentrated on her, and to their elusive flashes the two seamen on the pom-pom, her only weapon, replied with spirit. Though the group of officers assembled round Ryder on the little bridge remained miraculously unhurt, every single seaman on the gunboat had by

this time been wounded and many of Campbeltown's wounded on board her had been hit again. It was scarcely possible to move anywhere without treading on the prostrate forms, and below decks there was, in Curtis's words, "a grisly mess of groaning men."

Little could be done beyond first aid, the administration of morphia and some attempt at making men comfortable in the cramped quarters. No lights could be allowed below deck because of the innumerable holes in the ship's hull, and the first aid party worked as best they could by the light of torches.

Gunboat escapes

By speed, smoke and the tactics of evasion, the gunboat successfully sped through the storm of fire from the flak batteries in the harbour area. With equal skill and luck she also avoided the more dangerous fire of the big guns in the estuary. Gaining the open sea, she fought her last engagement. One of the German patrol boats at the mouth of the estuary attacked her out of the dark, sending a burst through her deck petrol tanks. Every man held his breath, waiting for the sheet of flame, but the tank was full and no harm ensued.

At daybreak they sighted two badly damaged launches and at almost the same moment they were cheered by sighting Tynedale and Atherstone.

The two destroyers had just come from a brief encounter with the four leading ships of the German flotilla, a running action that lasted for nine minutes, both sides scoring hits.

One launch was in a sinking condition and was accordingly abandoned, her crew and her commandos being taken on board by Atherstone. The wounded from the other boats were transferred to Tynedale.

For Ryder it was time to say goodbye

to the gallant little gunboat which, under her courageous young captain, had taken him on his memorable exploit. As Ryder climbed to Atherstone's bridge, he realized that he was completely exhausted physically and emotionally and was beginning to feel that flat reaction which is quite commonly experienced by men who have come out of a harrowing action. He felt very distressed at having been obliged to leave Charles Newman and his commandos to their fate.

On Atherstone's bridge he was greeted by Lieutenant-Commander Robin Jenks, her commander, who gave him a chair and ordered coffee. Jenks, observing Ryder's silence and fatigue, and fearing the worst, observed a solicitous silence. After a time, however, he could stand the uncertainty no longer and said to Ryder: "I'm sorry it was a failure, sir."

Ryder, without any change of expression, answered with a quiet incisiveness: "Well, I personally saw Campbeltown firmly wedged in the lock gates and her fuses fired—objective number one. I was nearly killed by a piece of masonry from the pumping station blown up by the commandos—objective number two. I saw Wynn fire his torpedoes at the foot of the old lock gates—objective number three. I don't see why you should call that a failure."

A little later the appearance of a Beaufighter from 19 Group Coastal Command cheered them all and when a Junkers 88 also appeared the British pilot attacked it with such ferocity that he rammed the German in the air and the two went locked to death. Twenty-two sorties were to be flown that Saturday from St. Eval and Predannack by Beaufighters, Blenheims and Hudsons of 19 Group, and in the numerous air encounters that took place five enemy aircraft were shot down for the loss of two of our own.

Soon afterwards they sighted two additional destroyers sent to their support—Cleveland and Brocklesby. The three motor craft were holding them back so seriously, though seaworthy enough to get back at their own speed, that it was decided they must be scuttled. It was as well that this step was taken, for a hundred German aircraft were then bombing up at Rennes to attack the remnants of the audacious little force that had set the German High Command by the ears.

Safe home at last

After Brocklesby had shot down a Junkers 88, the destroyers' twenty-five knots took them safely home at last as a bright moon rode high on that memorable Saturday night.

Meanwhile, unknown at first to Ryder, three other motor launches, having failed to make contact with the destroyers at rendezvous Point Y, were making their way home alone in accordance with orders.

These three boats, together with one which returned much earlier on account of engine defects, were the only ones to get home out of the eighteen small motor craft that had set sail from Falmouth two and a half days before.

An air of crisis hung over St. Nazaire on that Saturday. The Germans were ill at ease, having no idea of the purpose of the raid, nor of what was in store. There in the stark light they now saw Campbeltown securely jammed into the



One of the commandos, badly wounded in the raid, being tended by his comrades on the quayside at St. Nazaire



At the joint burial of the attackers and defenders of the harbour, a German staff officer and chaplain salute Lieutenant H. G. L. Hopwood



Nine months after the raid, the Normandie Dock has been dammed by the Germans. In the centre still lies the wreck of Campbeltown...

gate of the big lock. There for all to see were the demolished pump-house and winding gears. These, three small sunken ships, wrecked guns, the burned-out Forge de l'Ouest and some seventy-six corpses were the visible evidence of the havoc so far.

Nor did the shooting stop when Newman's men at last surrendered. Desultory shots cracked and flicked and ricocheted about the town. Here and there the patriot French had begun to take out their few hidden arms, believing that the British invasion had begun.

The Germans lost no time in boarding Campbeltown. A group of very senior officers and many technical specialists, to the number of about thirty, climbed on board and then carried out an examination.

It is said that the admiral-superintendent of the dockyard himself, Admiral Rother, arrived and, immediately suspecting the existence of an explosive charge, ordered a search to be made; but none was found. On being so informed, he said, we are told: "Well, the British must be very stupid if they think we can't deal with this."

For the problem of disengaging the destroyer from the caisson was not one of serious engineering difficulty. It was clear that she would sink in the lock entrance if simply towed out, and the methods to be adopted for getting her clear without immobilizing the dock for longer than necessary were being discussed. The harbour commander also visited the ship but neither he nor the admiral-superintendent stayed long.

But these were by no means the only visitors. For the word very quickly flew that there were plenty of cigarettes and chocolates to be had for the taking and a throng of curious sightseers of all sorts began to arrive by car and on foot—the submarine commanders, the gun position officers, officers of the naval shore staff and so on. And their lady friends.

Looking for souvenirs, they roamed

the grisly and littered upper deck, and penetrated to the darker chaos below, where the officers' sherry lay spilled and wasted in the wardroom, where the butter was plastered on the mirrors, where the broken glass, the cigarettes, the clothing and the little personal things littered the cabins and the mess-decks, and where the inert corpses indifferently lay.

While this tour of his ship was being made, Lieutenant-Commander Sam Beattie, black-bearded, blanketed and barefoot, who had commanded Campbeltown and rammed her against the dock gate, was brought ashore in St. Nazaire with the other survivors of the boat in which he had failed to get away. It was probably some time after ten o'clock and he was disappointed to see Campbeltown still intact on the caisson. In fact, the latest possible computed time for the fuses to act was 9 a.m.

Beattie questioned

What had gone wrong? He supposed that the Germans had discovered the arrangements and found some way of disarming the fuses, though he thought that Lieutenant N. T. B. Tibbits had provided against that also. He had no opportunity, however, to stand and stare and was hurried on, very cold, to some German office, where he was taken for interrogation by a pleasant-mannered German intelligence officer, who spoke English well.

The intelligence officer got nothing out of Beattie, but he was persuasively talkative, and he remarked: "Your people obviously did not know what a hefty thing that lock gate is. It was really useless trying to smash it with a flimsy destroyer."

At that precise moment the glass from the window crashed to the floor as the room and, indeed, the whole town, was shaken by a thunderous explosion sustained for several seconds—"an explosion," in the words of Monsieur Grimaud, one of the assistant mayors, "of an unbelievable violence."

"That, I hope, is the proof," observed Beattie drily as the vibrations began to abate, "that we did not underestimate the strength of the gate."

The interrogation was brought to an abrupt close.

This heartening evidence of their success was heard, or even seen, by nearly all the British commandos and sailors who had now been swept up. It was witnessed by the survivors of the motor launch that had fought the German destroyer Jaguar which was now at anchor only about two and a half cables away. A German doctor had come on board and was supervising the transfer of the wounded to a lighter alongside.

The Germans panic

Philip Dark was being mildly interrogated by Kapitänleutnant Jacobson, of Itlis, who had an English wife. Using a fat, seven-language dictionary, Jacobson was discussing with him the details of the action. Dark was dizzy with fatigue and hunger. The German said: "What a mad thing your raid was!"

"What raid?" parried Dark.

At that moment, to quote Dark's prison diary, "there was an almighty explosion. The ship shuddered from stem to stern. The German captain leaped from his chair and rushed outside. There were harsh, strident shouts from the Germans (our first introduction to this particular kind of noise) and, sitting in the cabin peacefully by myself, I seemed to be surrounded on all sides by complete pandemonium."

Fragments of steel debris splashed into the water around the ship. Others of the launch survivors who were on deck at the time were actual spectators of the event in similarly dramatic circumstances for, a bare moment before, a German petty officer had said to them in English: "That is one ship you will never use again."

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Newman, the military commander, and those with him also heard the sound. They were still at the headquarters where they had been taken after capture and as the great roar went up, Newman said: "The place shook like an earthquake and all the Jerries rushed to the doors



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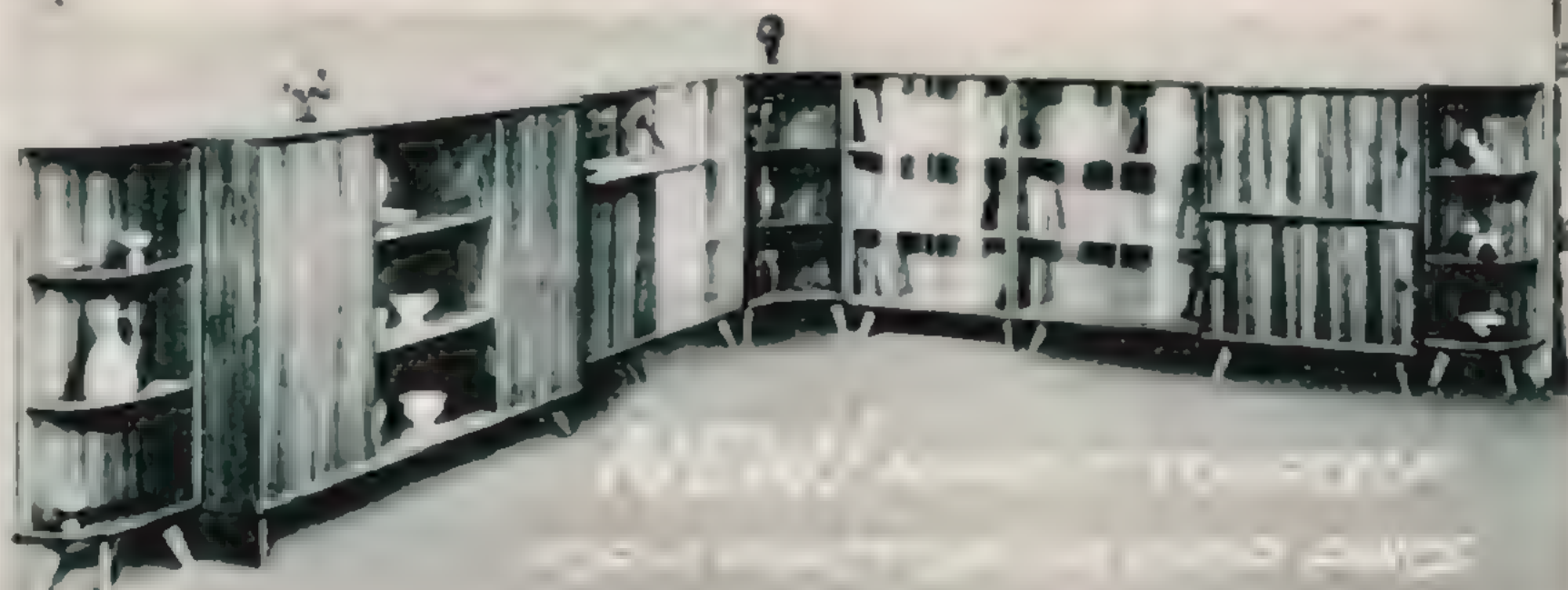
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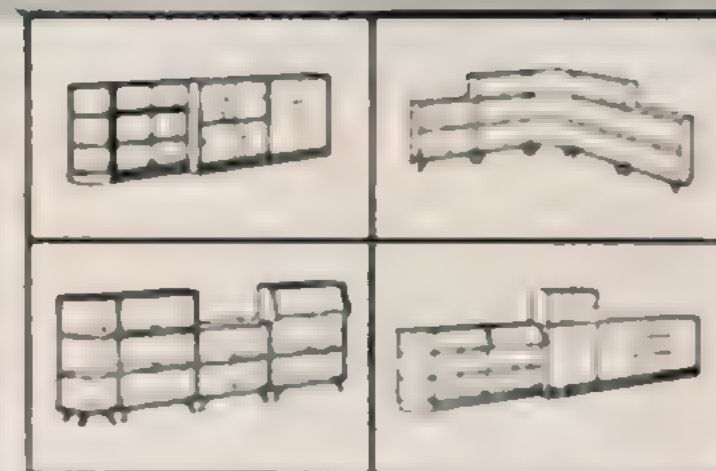
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Some Examples of UNIT Planning only.

After showing him the nursery, the
continued on page 41

Needlework, Bedside, Record and Kitchen Cabinets, Book-cases (sliding door and other styles), T.V. and Coffee Tables, Nest of Tables, Kidney Dressing Tables, Bathroom and Nursery Furniture, Tea Trolleys, Standard Lamps, Unit Furniture, etc., etc.

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—and I was told to meet McGovern
company's boss, at a place called
Islands. Now, with the plane down
in the sky, I stood alone on the
Nobody was here to meet me.

PART TWO

WHEN I could no longer see
plane, I walked slowly to
the line of prefabricated huts that
the airport buildings. In the dis-
office they knew nothing about
And when I asked for the offices of

The greatest raid of all

continued from previous page

pell-mell. It was jolly nearly a panic. We, of course, knew what it was all about and, as we sat about on the floor, we burst into laughter."

Now more than ever did they know that their mission had been accomplished.

The time was about 10.35 a.m. Campbeltown erupted with an enormous flash and a titanic column of black smoke. Under the impact of this violent blast, reinforced by the hammer-blow of the inrushing sea, the massive 160-ton dock caisson burst open inwards.

Big dock flooded

The sea poured like a tidal wave into the empty dock. The northern caisson, the inner face of which had not been destroyed, held, but the two tankers that lay inside the dock—Schledstadt and Passat—were flung against the dock walls and damaged and the sunken stern half of Campbeltown, cut off as by a giant saw, was swept inside by the force of the flood. Of the rest of her nothing remained but the far-flung fragments.

All the German souvenir hunters on board Campbeltown—men and women—went with her. So, too, did large numbers of those who clustered about her on land, shocked and dismembered by the violence of that blast of death.

No reliable death-roll has been published. Normally dependable French sources gave sixty officers and 320 men as "conservative" figures. A German naval staff publication says "about a hundred."

How was it that this explosion took place so long after the extreme limit of time expected of its fuses? Not one fuse, but at least three. Under normal functioning, they should have burned through at 7 a.m. Even under the extreme expected tolerance, they should have acted by 9 a.m. When they did act, they were nearly four hours late.

Legend of a hero

There persists a belief in St. Nazaire that a British officer, either voluntarily or involuntarily, went back on board and, in a deed of self-immolation, refired the quiescent charge. Workmen are said to have seen one or more go on board. The finger of surmise points at once to Captain Bill Pritchard. He alone understood the charging and the fusing of the explosive ship. He had the professional competence.

If there is any truth in the legend, it would, of course, explain the delayed explosion; but it is a legend not easy to sustain. For Bill Pritchard lies buried in the cemetery at Escoubiac.

Had anyone else gone back on board the destroyer it is difficult to explain how, without the requisite gear, which he is unlikely to have carried, and in the presence of the Germans, he could have fired the great charge. It was recognized that these fuses were of an experimental and uncertain nature in regard to their timing and we can do no more than suppose that some unknown factor of temperature, moisture or material led to an excessive delay in the action of the acid on the copper.

Whatever may be the truth of the matter, nothing detracts from the brilliance of the demolition plans which so conclusively prevented the enemy, for all the remaining years of the war, from using, against our most vital convoy route, Tirpitz, the most dangerous ship that they possessed.

It was from this moment that a state of tension became apparent between the Germans, unnerved by the surprise of the night and the explosion of the morning, and the population, who had now recovered from their astonishment and were becoming ironically amused at events as they unfolded themselves.

The great, black cloud of Campbeltown's explosion dissipated idly in the hush of astonishment that followed, while fragments of metal clattered down on roof and road over a radius of a mile. It was a very severe shock to the Germans.

Gradually the Germans' discipline

and order re-established itself. By Sunday a superficial calm was restored but with no easing of the tension. On Monday the French workmen were permitted to return to the docks and there saw the evidence of the carnage from Campbeltown's explosion still, after two days, polluting the ground and buildings.

The episode, except for the reprisals and the military inquisitions, now appeared to be over. But at about four o'clock that Monday afternoon another heavy explosion shook the surroundings and threw the whole place once more into confusion and consternation. In a great shower of smoke and water the outer gate of the Old Entrance blew up, as one or two torpedoes that had been fired from Sub-Lieutenant Micky Wynn's m.t.b. exploded.

A new anger seized the Germans, an anger the more dangerous because they were completely mystified. It was two and a half days since all the British had been rounded up. The Germans began to look still more sourly upon the French. A search of all houses and an examination of identity cards were set on foot. Orders were issued to the mayor that all cafés must be shut at 9 p.m. The news that a furious Hitler had ordered an immediate inquiry on the spot had already set the Germans on edge.

An hour later the second of Wynn's torpedoes blew up.

Tumult followed throughout the dockyard. The fever spread quickly all through the port, as everywhere the Germans began to fire upon bewildered parties of Frenchmen.

It is very unusual for German troops to lose their heads, but they did so on this occasion. Inevitably German soon began to shoot German in the confusion of the night, each believing that he was being attacked by an enemy. Kapitän-leutnant Herbert Sohler, hurrying in by car from La Baule to ensure the safety of his submarines from the reported civilian rising, was repeatedly fired at.

At 8.30 p.m. squalls of musketry, machine-gun fire and even grenades broke out in the neighbourhood of the rue de l'Océan. The streets were filled with troops and naval ratings, circulating in small parties, seemingly under no orders, engaging each other and the French. There was a night of terror.

A Passive Defence worker, coming out of his waterside house at Penhouet in his white helmet to bring aid to the wounded, was killed; his five-year-old son was riddled with bullets on the doorstep and his eight-year-old daughter wounded while inside the house. Nearby a father, taking his two children by the hand to go to a shelter, was shot down from fifty paces behind by a sailor.

In one of the main streets of the town, a woman approaching her window to

close the shutters was killed by a grenade. At a corner of the rue Villès-Martin, a cyclist coming from his garden with a basket of vegetables was riddled by a fusillade.

Before midnight this panic shooting had died down in the main town but new outbursts began in the Old Town and at Penhouet. A chance bullet, breaking the high tension electric cables, plunged the whole town in darkness. The water supply stopped also; and these occurrences served only to give further emphasis to the enemy's conviction that a concerted rising was taking place.

It was upon the Old Town that the German hand fell heaviest. After their search parties had combed the houses, the inhabitants were thrown out without notice, locked up in the German blockhouses, to be thence conveyed, to the number of 1,500, to the prison camp at Savenay, while their houses were ransacked. At about eleven o'clock a fog mercifully descended and silence gradually returned, but during that night sixteen French people, between the ages of five and seventy-six, were killed and twenty-six wounded.

Hitler is furious

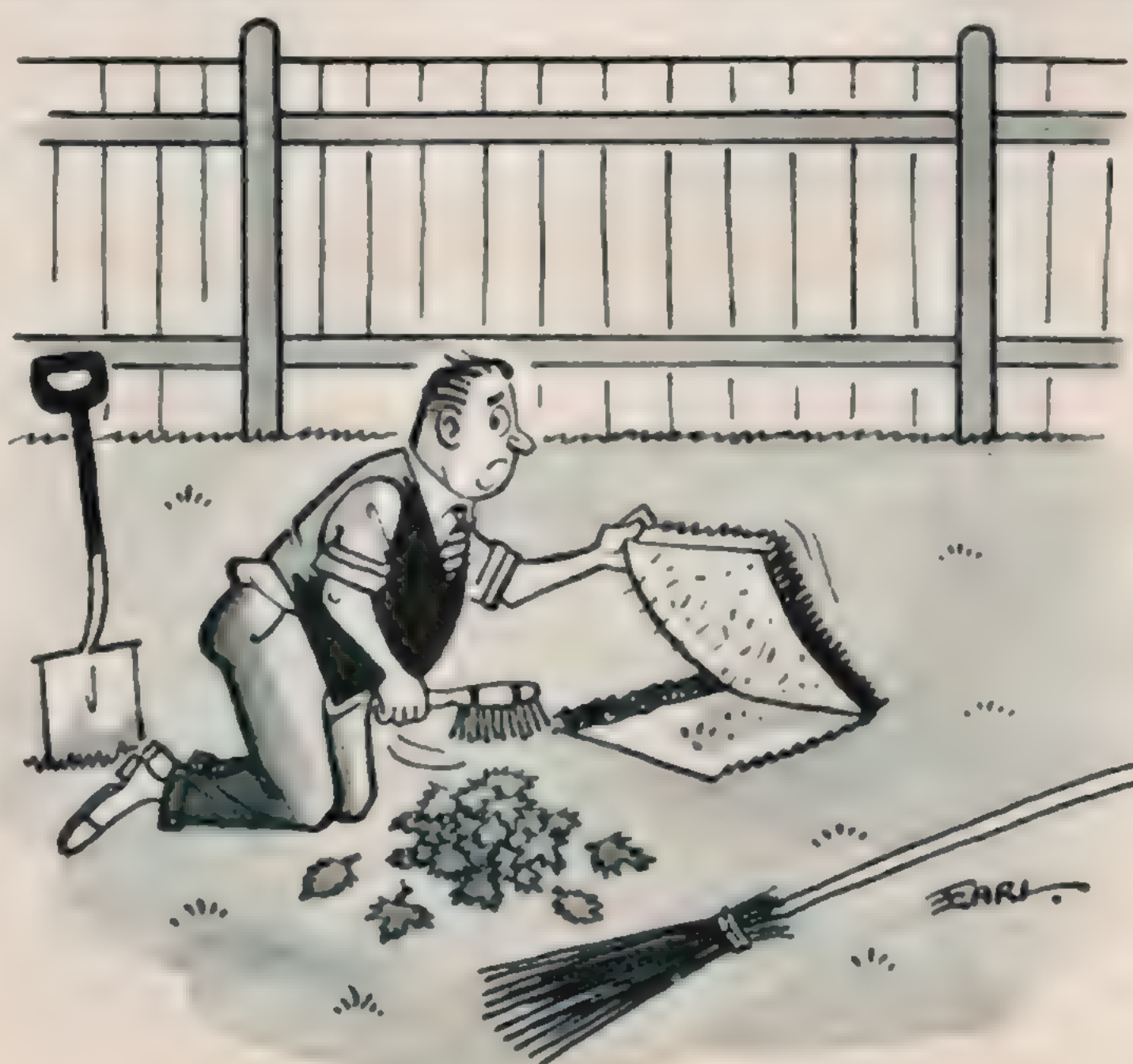
In the German hierarchy there was a terrific row. Hitler was extremely angry. What enraged him as much as the loss of the Normandie Dock was that British forces had succeeded in penetrating German defences and actually landing on territory that he held. The very day after the raid he took the extraordinary step of ordering Field-Marshal von Rundstedt, commander-in-chief of all German forces in Western Europe, to conduct a personal inquiry.

This von Rundstedt accordingly did at St. Nazaire on March 31, while the terrors of the night before still held the population in a grip of fear as they read the menacing proclamations and as the German troops patrolled the streets and swept civilians away to prison camp.

Von Rundstedt reported that there was no fault to find with the German conduct of the action and that no blame could be assigned to anyone for the British landing.

But Hitler was far from satisfied. He demanded a head on a charger and would not let the matter rest. On his orders General Jodl, director of operations of the supreme command of all the armed forces, visited von Rundstedt three days later "to examine further the failure to repel the enemy." The inquiry, under pressure, very soon shaped itself into one of those violent quarrels between the army and the navy which are so familiar a picture in German military archives. Hitler declared that the measures taken to detect Ryder's force at sea were quite inadequate.

This probing into naval affairs lit the fires of wrath in Grand Admiral Raeder, the commander-in-chief. There seemed to be nobody at Hitler's headquarters, he complained, in a position to present a correct picture of events and as a





result the army officers of Supreme Command had formed a judgment wholly false and detrimental to the navy. In very much sharper terms Raeder wrote personally to Field-Marshal Keitel:

"I have heard with the greatest displeasure of your signal to C-in-C West on the subject of the St. Nazaire inquiry and the questionnaire that has been drafted at your express wish. You have not once informed me of the instructions you were issuing. The procedure is against all military custom. I must therefore insist on an explanation and apology from you."

He does not appear to have received one.

Of all these later happenings most of the captured British knew nothing until years afterwards. As they gradually came together in small parties on that Saturday morning, exhausted, bedraggled, hatless, uniforms torn and stained, badges and shoulder-straps ripped off by Germans rapacious for souvenirs to give colour to their boasts, limping, supporting one another, they had nonetheless not lost their spirit and they met again with smiles, except only the more desperately wounded.

As far as can be gathered from the scattered and inexact records, a total of about two hundred, perhaps a few more, were taken prisoner. The dead have in all official accounts been recorded as numbering 144, but in fact they reached a total of 169—a proportion of more than one man in four of all the 611 who sailed. Most of them were killed in the river battle and the withdrawal.

Enemy's casualties

The enemy casualties, as given by the German naval staff, amounted to forty-two killed, plus the hundred or more—almost certainly far more—admitted as blown up in Campbeltown, and 127 wounded.

The British losses at St. Nazaire were proportionately more than twice as heavy as those in the Zeebrugge raid of the first World War.

On Wednesday—four days after the raid—there took place a ceremonial burial of the dead of both sides, organized by the Germans with honourable decorum.

Of the living, all but a few were at last moved on into Germany, to a prison camp at Westertimke. They were continually plotting their escapes, often succeeding, but nearly always being caught again.

But not all who landed at St. Nazaire fell into enemy hands. Five commandos, by their own determination and wit, by a great deal of luck and through the generous help of patriot Frenchmen given at peril of their own lives, succeeded in avoiding capture and in obeying Newman's order to make their way to far distant Gibraltar.

These remarkable achievements were carried out by three separate groups, and two of them originated from the

She left her Washday Worries

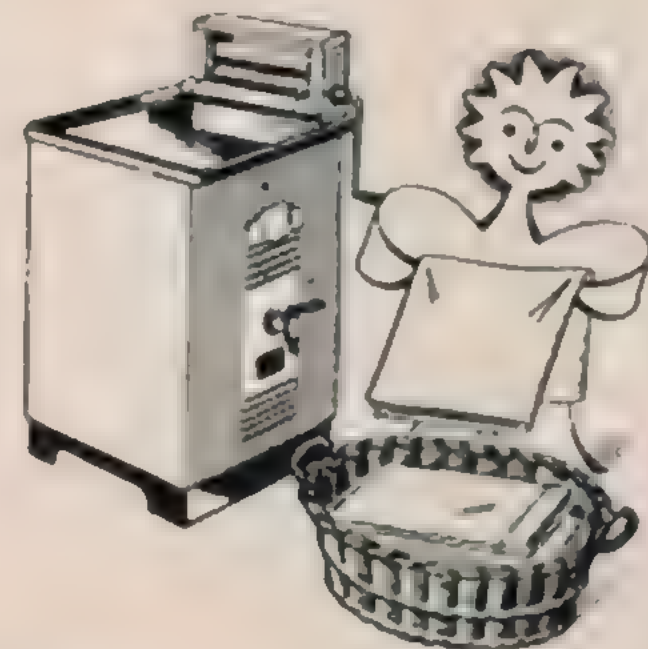
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"I finished it!"

The greatest raid of all

continued from previous page

cellar of a bombed shop in St. Nazaire, where a resolute party of six men had concealed themselves. These were Troop Sergeant-Major G. E. Haines, Sergeant W. A. Challington, Lance-Corporal A. Howarth, Corporal R. E. Wright, Corporal E. Douglas and Private E. Harding.

All but Douglas and Harding were pretty badly wounded, Wright bleeding profusely from a calf partly shot away. But that did not lessen their determination to seek freedom. By good fortune some civilian trousers and a jacket were found for Challington, who had no hope of escape in the kilt, and a jacket for Haines.

Haines decided that that night they should make their way out in pairs, but Wright, knowing that he would seriously hold back other people and that he was too badly injured to go alone, walked out after dark and gave himself up. Haines and Challington, both with leg wounds, set off painfully together, the first to leave, and succeeded in making their way into the country but ran into the Germans.

Howarth, who had been with Roderick's assault party and twice hit, was the next to leave. Going alone and reaching open country, he was befriended by a French family who gave him a bath and put him to bed, and a day or two later an English-speaking schoolmaster, at great personal risk, took him to his own house in St. Nazaire and afterwards accompanied him by train as far as Bordeaux. Going on from there alone into unoccupied France, Howarth fell into the hands of the Vichy police and spent eight months in confinement before he made his escape.

Last to leave the cellar were Douglas and Harding, who had both been members of Haines's own assault party. Still in uniform, they rolled up their battle-dress trousers, opened the collars of their tunics and sailed safely through the Germans at the street barriers put up at the entrances to the town, with Douglas painfully aware of the corporal's stripes on his sleeve.

Help from American

Marching by night, they reached La Roche-Bernard, where, near the end of their tether, they barely escaped capture by a German flak battery. Chance led them to a kindly French butcher, and he in turn passed them to an American lady who gave them clothes, money and bicycles.

Making their way to Loches, they were befriended by a French lawyer, who provided them with faked papers and, together with his wife, took them all the way to Marseilles, where an escape organization took charge of them.

Perhaps the most colourful of the evaders' experiences, however, was that which befell Corporal George Wheeler

and Lance-Corporal R. Sims, who had nothing to do with Haines's party.

Wheeler, slender, wiry, spectacled, dark-haired, an honours degree man in economics, was with Philip Walton's demolition team. He could speak schoolboy French.

Sims, who was a totally different character, well set up, robust, of simple character, was a young Canadian who was a regular soldier in the Somerset Light Infantry.

These two took refuge together in a small cavity beneath a house in St. Nazaire as dawn broke on Saturday.

Moonlight escape

That night, just before midnight, when all was quiet, they crept out into the moonlight, noiseless in their rubber-soled boots and reached the outskirts of the town. There they passed a dance café where the Germans were noisily celebrating. Regretting having left their grenades behind, the commandos fingered their Colts, sorely tempted to break up the party, but then thought better of it.

Just before daylight, they reached the little village of L'Immaculée-Conception and lay up in a haystack, where they were discovered by Monsieur Guillaume Francis who, astonished and alarmed though he was, took them to his house. Together with friends whom he summoned, he generously provided them out of their little store with food and 250 francs each and clothed them with old "Sunday best" black jackets, green with antiquity, and pin-stripe trousers but no civilian boots. He took away their pistols. "Not safe for you, my friends, but might be useful to me one day."

After many adventures they got to Toulouse, and thence over the Pyrenees and to Gibraltar.

The last scene of all is fittingly presented by Micky Wynn who had commanded the m.t.b. and been gravely wounded. Repatriated on medical grounds, he was barred by the rules of war from bearing arms again against the Germans, but when our armies were sweeping victoriously into Germany he persuaded the Admiralty to send him on a mission for the rehabilitation of released naval prisoners-of-war.

He insinuated himself into the area of the Canadian Army, contacted the Guards' Armoured Division and, wearing the White Ensign, rode in a leading tank into the Marlag-Milag prison camp, to release his gallant shipmate, Bill Lovegrove.

THE END

© C. E. Lucas Phillips, 1958

"The Greatest Raid Of All," by C. E. Lucas Phillips, is now published as a book by William Heinemann. The price is 18s.

The secret of Seven Islands

continued from page 14

the name to herself as though it were something she'd dreamed about. "My father talked about it—often. He knew the story, and always he thought he would find it some day—always he was searching. God help me!"

She turned and walked slowly away. There was something so forlorn about her, so matching my own mood of loneliness that I started after her, but I stopped, realizing that I could do no good.

WHEN Bill Lands drove up in his mud-spattered station wagon and told me to jump in, I said suddenly: "I'm not going."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm staying here till I've discovered the truth."

"You've had the truth. You had it from Bert Laroche this afternoon." He was frowning at me. "Did Paule find you? Did you talk to her?"

"Yes."

"What did you say to her?" His voice was trembling and his fist was clenched as he slid across the passenger seat and out on to the gravel beside me. "Did you try and tell her that her father was still alive out there. Did you tell her that?" I thought he was going to hit me.

"No," I said.

He gripped my suitcase, wrenching it from me, and tossed it into the back of the wagon. "Okay. Whatever you said, you've done enough damage for one day. You're going, son, whether you want to or not."

He caught hold of my arm, literally flung me into the seat and slammed the door. "If I find you still here when I

CHARM—3

The essence of charm is that it shall be—or at least should seem to be—effortless.

Ada Lewis

get back from town, Goddammit, I'll half kill you."

There was no point in arguing with him—he was a big man, powerfully-built. I kept silent while he drove to the airstrip.

"You're taking this plane out of here tonight," he said. He got out and went into the office. An old Dakota stood in black silhouette, a fork lift trundling supplies out to it and a little knot of men standing waiting to be flown up the line. I wished I were going with them. But maybe I could do something at Montreal.

The car door was jerked open. "Okay," Lands said. "It's all fixed. That's your plane over there." He nodded towards a small, twin-engined aircraft parked behind us. "Take-off is at twenty thirty hours. If you'll come into the office now, I'll hand you over to the dispatcher."

"Can you lend me some money?" I asked as he handed me my suitcase. "Just enough to see me through till midday tomorrow, when my plane leaves Montreal."

He nodded. "Twenty bucks do you?" He'd calmed down a bit now. He pulled his wallet out of hip pocket and handed me four fives. Then he took my suitcase and led me across to the dispatch office. The dispatcher was the same man who had been on duty when I arrived. "Ed, this is Mr. Ferguson. Comes from England. Look after him for me, will you. And see he doesn't miss his flight."

He turned to me. "Well, s'long. Have a good flight."

He went out and climbed into his station wagon and drove off. The dispatcher said: "You've got about an hour to wait."

"Thanks," I said and walked out

into the hangar that adjoined the office.

The Dakota was still there, waiting. The last of the freight was being loaded into it. A starter motor was wheeled into position under the port engine and there was a sudden surge amongst the waiting men as they crowded close around the open door of the fuselage.

Maybe the idea had been at the back of my mind all the time. At any rate I found myself walking out across the apron to mingle with the construction men who were waiting to board the plane. "Gonna be cold in that rig, ain't yer?" said the man next to me. He had a dark, wizened face half-hidden by a large fur cap with ear flaps. "First time you bin up the line?"

I nodded.

"Thought so." He spat a stream of tobacco juice out on to the ground. "Where you bound for?"

I hesitated. "Two-two-four," I said, remembering that a replacement engineer was being sent up there.

A MAN in a long-visored cap standing in the door of the fuselage began to call out names, ticking them off one by one on the list in his hand as the men climbed aboard. "I hadn't reckoned on them having a passenger list. The crowd was dwindling fast."

"What's your name?" The last man had climbed up into the plane and the man with the list was staring at me.

"Ferguson," I said, and I could hear the tremor in my voice.

"Your name's not here. What's your job?"

"Engineer."

"This plane's going to One-three-four." He jumped to the ground beside me. "You work there?"

"No," I said. "I'm going on up to Two-two-four. The engineer there had an accident and I'm replacing him."

"Yeah, that's right." He nodded. "West. They flew him down this morning." He was looking at me and I could see him trying to make up his mind. "Did you have a flight pass?"

"Yes," I said. "The dispatcher has it. Mr. Lands drove me down and asked him to be sure I didn't miss this plane."

"Okay, let's go over to the office and sort it out. Leave your bag here. We got to hurry."

We ran all the way to the dispatch office. There was no turning back now. I'd just got to make the dispatcher believe me.

In the office I stood silent whilst my companion explained the situation to the dispatcher. "You're booked out on the Beechcraft," he told me. "Twenty-three hours for Montreal."

"There must be some mistake," I said.

"No mistake, mister." He had got hold of my flight pass now. "There you are. See for yourself."

I REPEATED what I'd said before, that I was bound for Two-two-four, and I added: "You were here when I arrived this afternoon. I came in to get a job, and I got it."

He nodded. "That's right. I remember. Came in on a freighter and didn't know who you wanted to see." He scratched his head.

"Maybe I got the wrong pass or it was made out incorrectly," I suggested. "Mr. Lands was asked to drive me down specially so that I wouldn't miss this plane." I pulled my passport out of my pocket. "Look, if you don't believe I'm an engineer. . . ." I opened it and pointed.

He stared at the word Engineer.

"Well, I don't know. . . ."

"Can't you just alter the flight pass? Look!" I said. "I'm not taking a plane down to Montreal. That's certain. Why would I want to leave when I've only just arrived?"

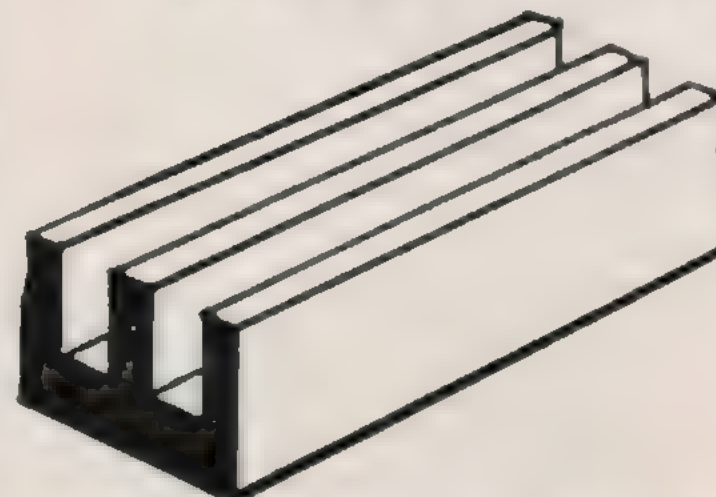
He laughed. "You got something there." He put a line through Montreal on the pass and wrote in One-three-four. "Okay," he said. "You're on the

KEEP THIS

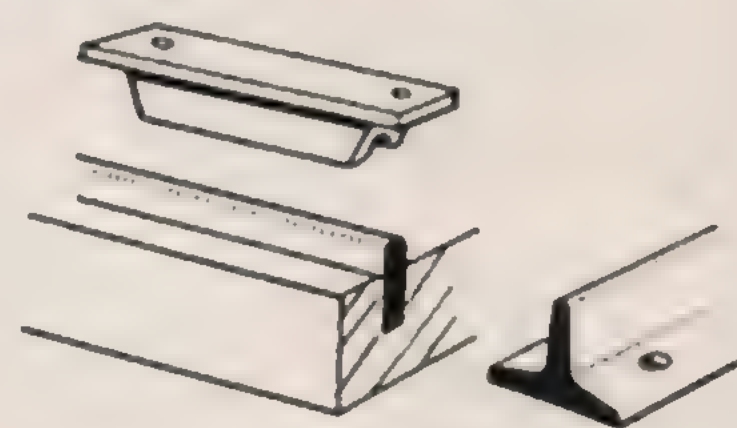
Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right tools and materials for jobs around the house

Handyman Guide 9

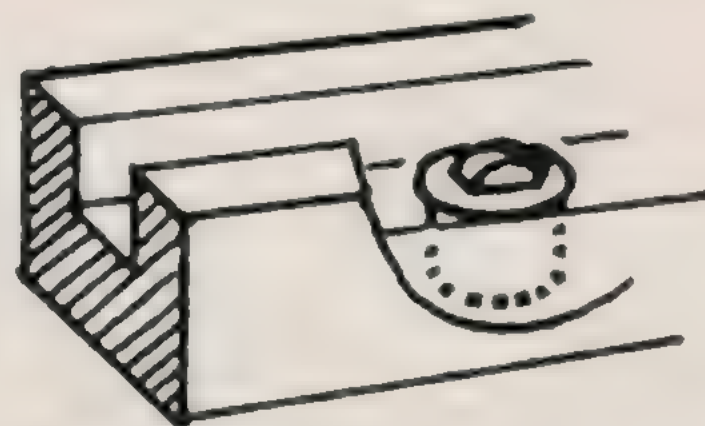
SLIDES AND GLIDES



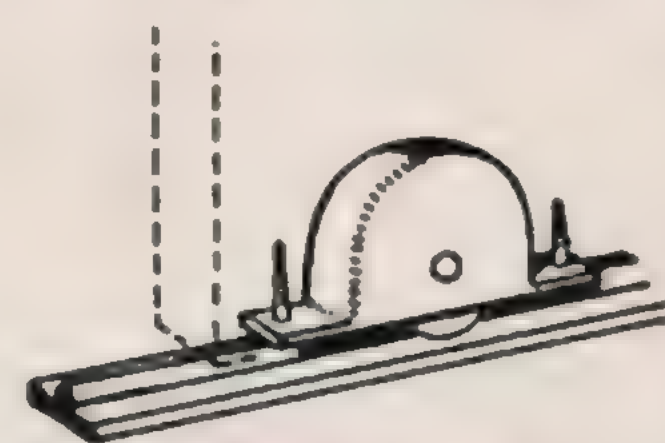
Wood or fibre channel. Made with single or double channel. Very simple to fix, and provides a smooth guide without the use of sliders. Ideal for hardboard or ply doors up to about kitchen cabinet size. Also in aluminium (unsuitable for glass doors).



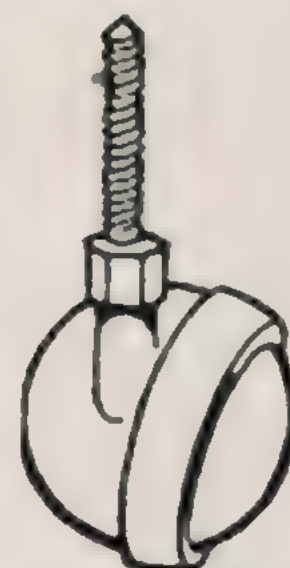
Fibre track. Two sorts available: a fillet for gluing into a groove, or inverted T section for screwing to the surface. Both use two sliders screwed to the bottom of the door. Simple to fix, very hard wearing and extremely smooth and quiet running.



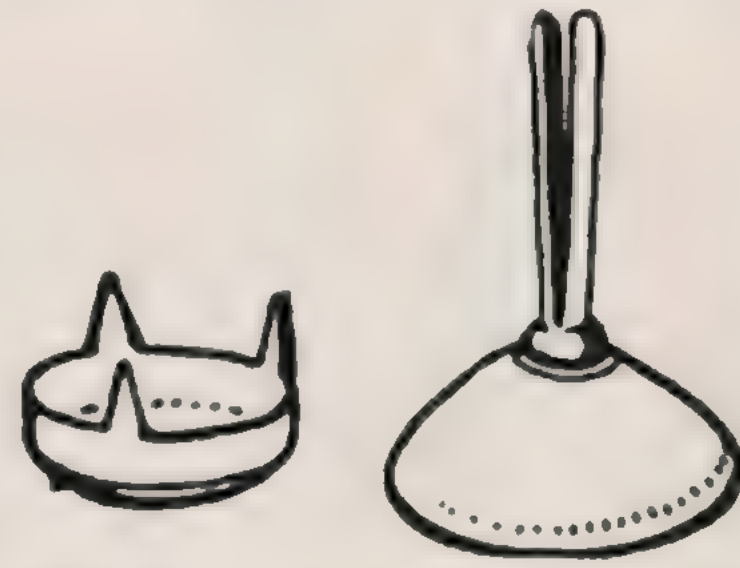
Glass door rollers. For large glass doors to bookcases, cabinets, etc. The rollers are recessed into the bottom of wood channel. Space them according to the size of the door, but never farther apart than one-third the width of the door.



Loretto sliding door gear. For room doors and light sliding partitions. Steel cased nylon wheels morticed into the bottom of the door, run on a brass or alloy rail. A guide runs in an alloy channel above the door. Quiet in action.



Shepherd castor. Especially suitable for heavy furniture (a set of four will carry up to 3 cwt.). They swivel easily, and run smoothly on either rubber tyred, or bronzed wheels. Available in wide variety of fixings, for use on any type of base from steel tube legs to frame corners.



Furniture glides. These fitted glides make furniture slide easily over the floor. Neatest is the pressed steel dome type, fixed to the leg by three prongs. Smoother in operation is the plastic mushroom type, with a ball joint which keeps it flat on the floor. Cannot damage floor surfaces.

It's an idea

SPACE-SAVING FITMENT

Mr. F. R. Garrard of Lark Rise, Hemley, Woodbridge, Suffolk, wins this week's guinea prize with his design for a compact telephone table with directories stowed in space-saving sloping shelves below. Sides and shelves are of 1/2 in. wood mounted on a 1/4-in. plywood back which is plugged to the wall. Shelves are housed into the sides or (simpler still) supported on slender battens. To avoid dust-traps shelves end 1 in. clear of the back. The fitment measures only 7 1/2 in. from front to back—just right for a small hall where inches count.



Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, "John Bull and Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published.

MAKE YOUR MONEY WORK

You cannot lose on insurance—and good policies pay. So always give that salesman a hearing



Cover your life—and show a profit

by GEORGE McCARTHY

ONE day some highbrow economist should write up the insurance agent, explaining his value to the community, for this type of agent is the man who persuades nearly all of us into a form of compulsory savings.

Is it foolish to yield to the eloquent voice of the insurance salesman? I do not think so. There are hardly any bad assurance policies. And even a not-so-good policy is better than none.

However, anyone about to take out life assurance should never, I think, accept the argument of one agent. He should find out what the other man and the other company have to offer.

If you are bewildered by the many good schemes offered by the companies, and if you are going for any sizeable assurance, do not hesitate to consult a broker. The honest broker—and I can recommend any who belong to the Corporation of Insurance Brokers—wants to tell you where you can get the best advantages at the lowest price.

Sound investments

The average man buys life assurance for four main reasons. They are: 1, for his dependants; 2, for himself and his wife; 3, for his children; and 4, for pension or life-in-the-evening purposes.

For the first two he will almost certainly take out a whole-life or an endowment assurance policy—and first-class investments they are.

It means that if, for example, he assures himself for £100 for twenty years, then his dependants get the £100 if he should die at any time during the term. If he survives, he gets the £100 himself.

During the lifetime of the policy, of course, there are annual income tax reliefs in respect of the premiums, and if, like nearly everybody these days, he has taken out a "with profits" policy he benefits from the bonus that is added every year to the capital sum.

To illustrate this with larger figures there was a man who a month or two ago took out a twenty-five year "with profits" endowment policy for £25,000, his annual premium being £1,200. At the end of the term he will get bonuses totalling £12,000, all free of tax. And during the twenty-five years he will have saved £200 a year on tax.

There is a familiar argument that with money always declining in value endowment assurance is something of a swindle, since the premiums are paid in good money and after twenty or thirty years the lump sum is drawn in less valuable currency. But the "with profits" policy, which gives the holder some share of the interest his money

has earned, is a fair compensation against that kind of money loss.

A whole-life policy is the simplest and cheapest form of assurance. It means, of course, that the capital sum assured is payable only on the death of the policy holder.

But nearly every company has a plan by which a policy holder can change his mind in later years. For example, there is a policy under which a man of thirty-five pays £29 a year in premiums. If he should die tomorrow his widow gets £1,000 down and £200 a year for the next twenty years. However, if he wants to, the policy holder can convert it into an endowment policy.

For example, a man of forty with a house mortgage of £2,000 can insure so that if he dies during the never-never period the whole sum will be repaid. This will cost him only £10 a year.

There is a life assurance policy which is an aid to house purchase and another, growing in popularity, which protects a man with a house mortgage.

Less well-known, perhaps, are the policies offered to parents who seek funds for educating children.

Let me quote a policy offered by a large mutual society—not necessarily the best policy available, but a good one. The premiums and benefits can, of course, be graded to individual needs, but if, for instance, the father decides that he will have to pay out £200 a year in school fees when the child is thirteen he takes out a twelve-year policy on his own life before the child is one year old. When the child is thirteen the policy will pay back £200 for five years. It would cost:

Annual premiums ...	£84	5s.	0d.
Income tax rebate ...	£13	6s.	0d.
Net cost ...	£70	19s.	0d.

Total net cost over twelve years: £851 8s. 0d.

Should the father die before the end of the twelve years the widow could then have (a) £200 a year for five years, or (b) an immediate cash payment of £952, or (c) £200 a year for any future five years.

Many people today are attracted by a pension in the form of an annuity. That means paying a capital sum which the company returns with interest in yearly or half-yearly instalments.

To obtain a pension for life of £100 a year a man aged sixty has to pay £1,220. A woman of sixty pays £1,400, since women normally live longer than men.

Of course the capital investment dies with the annuitant.

But, as you may already be aware, you can't take it with you! THE END

The secret of Seven Islands

continued from previous page

list now. Lucky you found out in time or you'd have been back in England before you knew where you were."

I was hustled back to the plane. As I climbed aboard, I saw a man standing nearby, staring in my direction. The headlights of a truck swinging in at the gates caught him in their blaze and I recognized Laroche. The star-board motor came to life with a roar, and at the sound of it he began to run out on to the tarmac. Then a hand pushed me back and the door was swung to with a crash, and after that I could see nothing but the dim-lit interior of the fuselage with the freight heaped down the centre and the construction men seated in two lines on either side of it.

I squeezed myself in between two men and sat with my hands gripped round my knees, waiting. The plane turned at the runway-end. Only a few seconds now. I held my knees tight as first one engine and then the other was run up; and then suddenly both engines were roaring. The plane began to move. We were airborne.

We climbed for what seemed a long time and it grew steadily colder. The dim lighting gave the faces of the men flanked along the fuselage a ghostly, disembodied look. Then the battering of the engine noise dropped to a steady roar as the plane flattened out.

"How long before we get to One-three-four?" I asked one of the men sitting beside me.

"One hour I think." And he added: "Once I do it by canoe, all up the Moisie River and across to the Ashuanipi. Six weeks. Now, one hour." He nodded and relapsed into silence, and I sat there, feeling a little scared as we roared into Labrador.

I HAD some idea of the country. I'd read about it in my father's books. I knew it was virtually unexplored, a blank on the map which only four thousand years ago had been covered by the glaciers of the last Ice Age. And I got no comfort from the men around me. They were all a part of an organization that I was outside, and their hard-bitten, dim-lit features, their clothes, everything about them, only served to emphasize the grimness of the country into which I was being flown. Yet the thing that worried me most was that Laroche would have radioed ahead and that I should be stopped at Camp 134 and sent down by the next plane.

But gradually the intense cold numbed all thought, and when the chill ache of my body had so deadened my mind that I didn't care any longer, the sound of the engines died away, and a moment later we touched down. We scrambled out into another world—a world where the ground was hard with frost and a few shacks stood

against a star-lit background of jack-pines. Stiff-jointed and cold, we moved in a body to the wood-framed huts that were the airstrip buildings, crowding into the dispatch office where the warmth from the diesel heater was like a furnace. Names were called, the dispatcher issuing instructions in a harsh, quick voice. The men began filing out to a waiting truck.

"Ferguson."

The sound of my name came as a shock to me, and I moved forward uncertainly.

"You're Ferguson are you? Message for you." The dispatcher held it out to me. "Came in by radio."

My first thought was that this would be from Lands, that I wouldn't get any farther from this camp. And then I saw the name Laroche at the end of it. *Urgent we have talk. Am taking night supply train. E.T.A. 08.00. Do not leave before I have seen you. Laroche.*

Staring at that message, the only thought in my mind was that he hadn't stopped me. Why? It would have been easy for him to persuade the base dispatcher to have them hold me here. Instead, he was coming after me, to have a talk. Had I forced his hand? Did this mean...

And then I was conscious of an unmistakably Lancashire voice saying: "Has Ferguson checked in on that flight, Sid?"

"He's right here," the dispatcher answered, and I looked up to find a short, rather tired-looking man standing in the doorway to an inner office. He wore a khaki shirt with the sleeves rolled up and he had a green eyeshade on his head, and over his shoulder I caught a glimpse of radio equipment.

"You got the message all right then?" he said.

"Yes," I said. "Yes, thanks."

"You a friend of Laroche?" I didn't know quite how to answer that, but fortunately he didn't wait for a reply, but added: "You're English?"

I nodded and he came towards me, holding out his hand. "My name's Bob Perkins. I'm from Wigan, Lancashire, you know." There was a friendly twinkle in his blue eyes. "That message—it's from that pilot who crashed, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"Would yer like a cup of tea?" As he led me into the radio room, he said: "I've only been here a week. Five days to be exact. I was up at Two-ninety before that. I remember when they picked this Laroche up. Proper hullabaloo there was." He went over to a kettle quietly steaming on the diesel heater.

"Who found him, do you know?" I asked.

"By all accounts he stumbled out of



NEXT WEEK

The Young Devils

John Townsend thought he was going to teach boys and girls to read and write. Instead he found himself in a fantastic world where teachers had to tame wild teenagers by force. Now he tells the amazing story of Britain's back-street secondary modern schools

SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN
introduces another Modern Masterpiece,
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VINCENT VAN GOGH

the bush right on top of a grab crane. The fellow that brought him out though was Ray Darcy, engineer up at Two sixty-three. Radioed us to have a plane standing by, and then drove him the twenty-odd miles up the old Tote Road in one hour flat. It'd be some going on that road."

I sat there and drank my tea and listened to him talking, basking in the warmth of his friendliness. Though he couldn't tell me much about Laroche, he had given me the name of the man who could.

I gleaned other useful information from him, too. Camp 224 was a big place, highly organized. They'd know immediately that I'd no business there.

SOME twenty miles beyond Camp 224 was Head of Steel, and after that nothing but isolated construction units slicing into virgin country with bulldozer and grab crane. No railway, no telephone link—nothing.

I asked then about Camp 263. "They say it's pretty rough," Perkins told me. "And the grub's bad."

I'd made up my mind by then. I wasn't waiting for Laroche. I wanted to see Darcy first. "Yes," I said. "I've got to get up there as soon as possible." And I asked him whether there was any transport that night.

"What about Laroche?" He was looking at me curiously. "He says to wait for him."

"Tell him I'll contact him from Two-sixty-three. I've been told to get up there as fast as I can and I'm sticking to my instructions. West has been injured and there's been a switch of engineers. Is there a flight tonight?"

"No. But there's the ballast train. It won't leave before two but it'll take you right up behind Head of Steel in four hours. I'll fix it."

He went out carrying his mug carefully. It was intensely hot in the radio room and I began to feel drowsy. "Okay," he said when he came back. "It's arranged. You've got four hours. You'd better hit the hay for a bit."

I nodded. Now that it was all fixed I felt very tired. "I was flying all last night," I explained. And then I remembered that Farrow, the pilot who had flown me out from England, was expecting me at Montreal. "I'll have to write some letters," I said. And I explained that people back home didn't even know I was in Canada.

"Why not cable them, then?" He went over to the radio and tore a sheet off a message pad.

It was as easy at that. Then I thought of Simon Ledder. I hesitated. "I suppose you couldn't contact a ham

radio operator at Goose for me? VO6AZ?" I gave the frequency.

"VO6AZ!" He was looking at me curiously. "That's the ham who was acting as contact for Briffe's party."

I nodded, afraid that he'd start asking a lot of questions.

He said nothing for a moment. He seemed to be thinking it out. "Okay," he said finally. "You write the message and I'll see what I can do."

I sat there for a moment, uncertain what to say, conscious that he was standing over me, watching me curiously. At length I wrote: *Company refuse take seriously. Going north into Labrador to try and find Lake of the Lion. Please notify Farrow. Request him on return Bristol to notify my employers, also my mother, Mrs. Ferguson, 119 Lansdown Grove Road, London, N.W.1. Would he telegraph her and ask her did my father ever tell her exact location of Lake of the Lion. Reply c/o Perkins, radio operator, Camp 134, Q.N.S. & L., Seven Islands. Thanks for all your help. Ian Ferguson.*

I read it through and handed it to him. "I'd appreciate it," I said, "if you'd regard this as confidential."

"Aye," he said slowly. "I won't talk. Come on, I'll get the driver to run you down to our bunkhouse. You can have the spare bed in my room."

HE took me out to the truck and told the driver where to take me. "Call him at one thirty," he said.

The truck driver dropped me at the bunkhouse. I went in and found an unoccupied room with two beds. I switched off the light and turned in.

There were no sheets and the blankets were coarse. Their musty smell stayed in my nostrils a long time, for sleep did not come easily. I had too much to think about. And when I did doze off, it seemed only a moment before I was dragged back to consciousness by somebody shaking my shoulder. "Is it time?" I asked, remembering the ballast train.

The light was on and as I opened my eyes I saw the empty bed opposite and the alarm clock hanging on the wall. It wasn't yet midnight. And then I looked up at the man who had woken me, saw the half-healed wound running down through the shaved hair of the scalp and sat bolt upright.

"You!" I was suddenly wide awake, filled with an unreasoning panic. "Laroche! How did you get here?"

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NEXT WEEK: I flee to the north
—pursued by men I dare not trust



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Dangerous waters

continued from page 10

engine conk on this point last autumn," Jackie said, shouting into the wind. "When they found him, he'd torn off all his fingernails trying to get a handhold on them rocks."

Grace's eyes lifted to her father's and the old man's heart withered within him at the unmistakable look of fear in them. He forced himself to ignore her and kept his eyes on the two youths.

Shorty stared a second longer at the bleak, bare rocks. Then he dug fiercely with his saucepan at the water.

In the distance, as the point swung behind them, Jackie could see St. Katt's at last, its white, rainswept houses shining out of the haze. But instead of beating across the river mouth towards the shelter of the opposite shore as he usually did, he held the boat close to the rocks on the weather side so they would feel the full force of the wind all the way; so they would feel every single back-eddy out of the inlets and every inch of broken sea down to the town.

It was as his gaze returned to Cal and Shorty that he realized how wrong he had been in ordering them to bale. Having something to do had driven away the nausea. The waves were still coming in green, however, and if he told them to stop it would not be long before the water in the bottom of the boat sloshed into the carburettor.

He glanced at Grace and saw she was pale-faced and shivering with the cold, her wet clothes clinging to her body.

"Okay," he said, making his decision quickly and thrusting it behind him before he changed his mind. "You can stop baling now. We'll be okay. I can hold it with the hand pump."

Thankfully, Shorty dropped his saucepan and Cal's hat drooped limply from his hand, trailing in the dirty water which held Jackie's eyes with a magnetic fascination as it slapped and swirled about his feet. The anxiety he felt as he watched it diminished a little as he noticed the glassy stare returning to Shorty's eyes.

Then he noticed with satisfaction that Cal, too, had begun to look more morose as the boat corkscrewed. Eventually he started to lick his lips and took no interest in the water that sloshed across him, allowing it to trickle down his face in rivulets without raising a hand to brush it off. It was then that Jackie knew the Lord had been good to him and answered his prayers.

He watched Grace for a moment, realizing she was numb with cold and probably wouldn't be able to take much more of it. He studied the water sloshing on the bottom boards again, trying to assess how far it had risen since he had last looked, then he opened the throttle as far as he dared without endangering the boat. The water was slapping over his feet now, and across Shorty's legs as he lolled on the floorboards, and Jackie could see it hissing in little spurts from under the lid of the engine hatch as the rolls sent

it surging against the spinning flywheel. He looked away resolutely and aimed the boat at the worst of the waves, praying they would reach safety before too much water came aboard and stopped the engine.

Cal's eyes had begun to grow dark and big and sad like Shorty's, and Jackie had begun to think he had won and the sea had beaten the viciousness out of him. Then Cal bent down and fumbled in Shorty's pocket. When he rose Jackie saw he had the gun in his hand and in spite of the pallor of his face his hand was steady.

"You old bastard," Cal said slowly. "You been doing it a-purpose all the time. I got it now. I been watching you. Put us ashore before I blow a hole in you. Anywhere. Run us up one of them beaches and look slipper."

Jackie watched him silently for a second then his eyes flickered to Grace, whose cringing figure had straightened immediately at the sight of the gun, oblivious to the wind and the spray again.

"Come on," Cal snapped. "Get busy!"

"Too many rocks," Jackie pointed out, trying to keep his voice calm. "It'd tear the bottom out. Your pal'd drown."

Cal swore. "He can look after his self," he said. "Put her on the beach, I tell you, or I'll let you have it." He paused and grinned, showing his teeth. "No I won't," he said. "I'll let her have it."

Jackie saw the black empty hole in the end of the gun swing from himself to Grace, and his heart seemed to stop beating.

Cal had risen unsteadily to his feet now, his face green and sickly, but with the menace still in his voice, weak and feeble, like a sick rat in a corner.

"Look out for the wave," Jackie said suddenly, and as Cal turned instinctively he put all his strength against the tiller.

As the swiftly turning boat flung him off balance, Cal staggered back, fell over the seat and lay on the floorboards in the water, his feet in the air, his fingers clawing feebly at the planks, sickened by the motion and defeated at last.

Without a word, Grace bent quickly, picked up the weapon from where it had fallen into the bilges and tossed it over her side. Jackie watched with a smile of satisfaction as it disappeared with a flat splash into the black water.

When Grace looked up at him there was something in her eyes that was adoring and proud, and he smiled back at her triumphantly.

He glanced at the two youths, indifferent to their misery, cleansed of the humiliation he had suffered at their hands, bigger and younger than he had felt for years. Then he pulled on the tiller again and swung the boat away from the rocks and headed across-river towards the harbour. THE END

© John Harris, 1958

When Prince Charles grows up . . .

continued from page 11

Bethells thought that Charles would be satisfied, but as they were leaving he said: "I hear you have chickens. May I see them?"

After a brisk tour of the chickens, his hosts wondered what he would want to see next. But Charles felt that he had adequately fulfilled his rôle of visiting royalty. "I don't suppose there's anything more to inspect," he said. "Now we can have some fun."

Even at Cheam, the highly exclusive £100-a-term preparatory school where he is treated as nearly as possible like everyone else, differences inevitably creep in. No other boy, for example, has a personal bodyguard in residence.

Charles himself has never been deceived by the idea that he is just like other boys. After little more than a term at the school he held a birthday party—his ninth—and sent an invitation to Hayes major, the head boy.

When Hayes accepted, his form-mistress, Miss Margaret Cowlishaw, commented: "Rather an honour for you." Charles retorted: "It's rather an honour for him, too, though, isn't it?"

According to the scientists, Charles's future physique can be predicted fairly accurately. Doctors now use the terms lean, muscular and fat to describe bodily types. Under this classification, Prince Philip's father, the late Prince Andrew of Greece, was lean; his mother is lean and muscular.

On the other side, King George VI was lean; the Queen Mother is fat and muscular. Both the Queen and Prince Philip are lean and muscular.

From this background—and from the fact that in physique Charles bears a remarkable resemblance to his father at a similar age—he, too, is likely to be lean and muscular. So until late middle age he will not have to worry about his weight.

Hereditary factors also suggest that he will be taller than average—probably around six feet—and that he will

in love with someone whom protocol forbids him to marry.

As heir to a queen, Charles has an additional problem. In most families where a boy's feelings are divided between his mother and his nanny, he gets over his difficulties by modelling himself on his father—the one solid figure in a feminine world.

Charles tries to model himself on his father. He crews in his yacht, follows him on shoots, drives the Royal cars (they have automatic gearboxes) and even copies his habit of walking with his hands behind his back. But he also sees that his father is not the most important person in the family.

Everywhere, his mother takes precedence. Inevitably, he thinks that women are the dominant sex.

In Mother's steps . . .

To add to his confusion, he knows that although he is a male, his destiny in life is to follow not his father but his mother. Even at seven he was heard to say: "Other little boys' mummies are not queens."

This uncertainty about his rôle in life accentuates his tendency to be withdrawn. Apart from his public appearances he is a quiet child, earnest and a little shy.

Sometimes he speaks so softly in class that his form-mistress has to ask him to repeat himself.

He has an excellent physique and well co-ordinated movements, but when he has the choice he prefers soccer to the hurly-burly of rugby, and even at soccer plays full-back.

In some ways he models himself directly on his mother. He takes an intense interest in his personal appearance, and, as befits a young man who has been named by the *Tailor and Cutter* as one of Britain's ten best-dressed males, he is always immaculately turned out.

He is very particular about his hair, and when he met his mother on the Britannia after being away from her for months, almost the first thing he said was: "Look at my new sailor-suit, Mummy."

Cecil Cox, a barber who visits Cheam to give the boys haircuts, once found a boy holding Charles's head under a cold tap. "That's how we treat kings called Charles in England," he was saying.

When Cox egged Charles on he fought back and tipped the other boy into a cold bath, unfortunately falling in with him.

But he is not always quiet. Like other boys of his type he has sudden bursts of self-assertion. At Cheam he has earned himself four black marks for rowdiness of various kinds, and he has been the aggressor in two recorded fist fights—one of them following an argument on the football field, the other during haymaking at Balmoral.

'I must take over'

Charles's character will never change. "He'll always be extremely conscious of his looks, his appearance and his performance," says the psychiatrist. "He'll love uniforms and bands and standing in front of everybody else. He'll live a gay and varied life and he'll enjoy fast cars, fast horses and jazz."

"But all this will be a cover for his inner isolation and loneliness. He'll always have a strong sense of duty and a tremendous awareness of his status."

Not very long ago he was driving in London with three of his school friends. "Look," said one excitedly. "There's Westminster Abbey."

Charles replied gravely: "Yes. I haven't been there since Mummy was crowned. Daddy says I will go there one day and all the time I've got to remember that one day I've got to take over from Mummy and do just as she did."

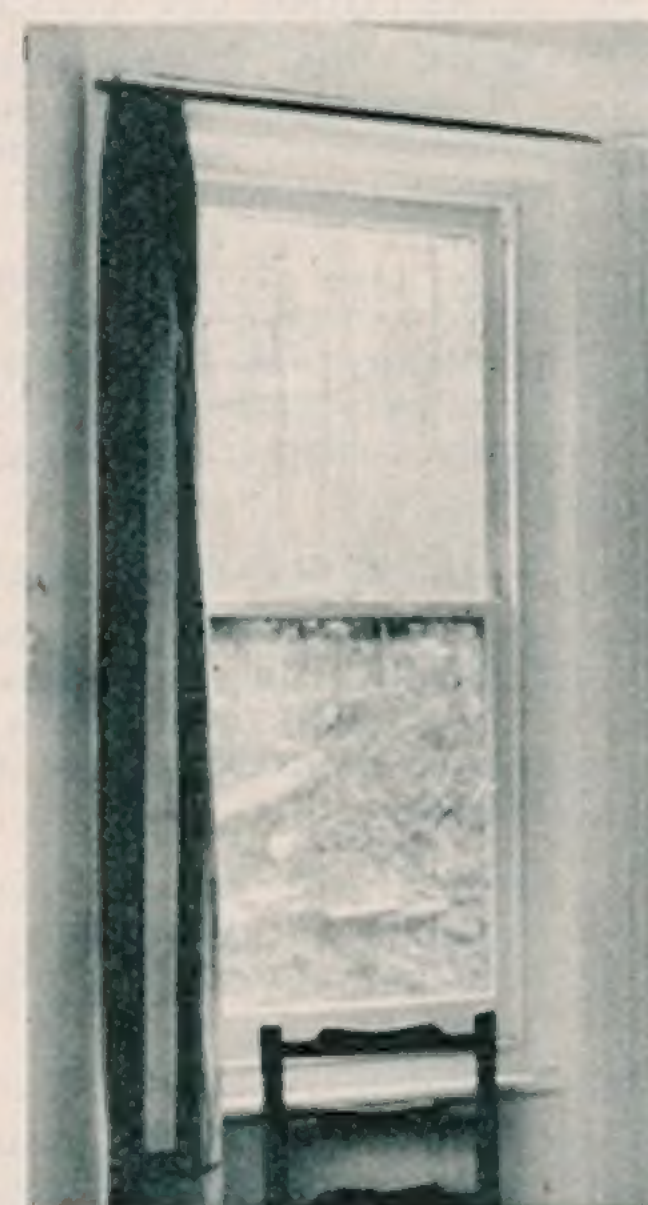
Already he is foreseeing the day when he will be not merely Prince of Wales, but King.

THE END

BE PROUD OF YOUR HOME
by ROGER SMITHELLS

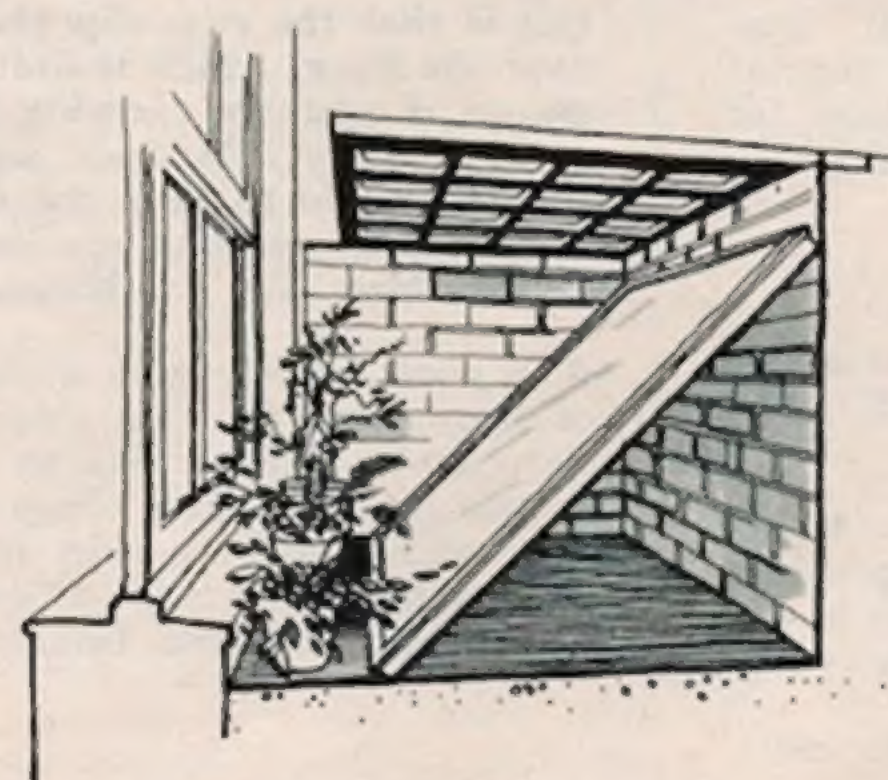
BEND LIGHT into dark rooms

There's a touch of
magic in these ideas
for brighter basements



Above are two photographs of a window in the basement of our last home. The first picture shows a dim view of our neighbour's fence. The second shows the same window with the view gone and light streaming through the glass. Before the second picture was taken we had replaced the clear window glass with prismatic glass which has the magic property of bending light rays from the sky above so that they shoot straight into the room. The drawing above shows how the light rays change direction when they hit the glass so that a basement overshadowed by trees or neighbouring buildings can still be a bright, cheerful place. Prismatic glass has horizontal ribs which obscure the view but let in the light. Each rib is a prism. Fitting this glass is a job for the professional who will know which of three available types will best suit your window.

MIRROR TRICK



A friend had a problem window in her basement dining-room. The lower half of the window faced the blank wall of a little well. Over the well was a panel of pavement lights. To improve the view and bring more light into the basement we arranged the device shown in this diagram. A mirror in the well, sloping at an angle of 45 degrees, reflects back into the room the brightness of the pavement lights above. A row of ferns and other plants in front of the mirror turns the dull well into a gay little window garden.

CHARM—4

All charming people are
spoiled. It is the secret of
their attraction.

Oscar Wilde

be like his father in losing his hair comparatively early.

Emotionally, his future is less promising. Inevitably, through no fault of the Queen's, he missed in his early years what a child needs more than anything else: the close and continuous presence of a loving mother. On few days was the Queen able to be with him for more than an hour and a half. Often she has been away for days, weeks and even months at a time.

Nannies and governesses, however good, can never be an adequate substitute. "They tend to love the child not for what he is but for what he can do," says a psychiatrist. "So he becomes over-anxious about his performance. He expects little real love from the adults around him and retreats into a fantasy life for the fulfilment of his emotional needs. He becomes the withdrawn, stiff-upper-lip type we associate with the aristocracy."

"Charles will probably be like this. Outside, he will look confident and secure. But this outer display of superiority will cover inner feelings of anxiety and insecurity."

As a man, Charles will have a great deal of charm. He will be popular with a large number of acquaintances, but he will find it hard to make deeper friendships. He will have numerous girl friends, but he will marry a woman whom he respects rather than one he deeply loves.

As royalty often have to do this anyway, he will escape the misery of falling

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull and Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page.

We advise...

MY mother is seventy-four and in delicate health. I support her and am allowed an income tax rebate of £60 as she has no income apart from her pension. A few months ago a sister gave up her job to look after her and keep house for the three of us. She has no income and is completely dependent on me. I asked the income tax authorities whether I could claim tax relief for her, but was told that I could not. This seems very unjust. Can I appeal?—Miss E. H., Wirral.

● Unfortunately, the decision is correct. A single person can claim housekeeper relief only if there are any young children to be cared for.

ROSY PICTURE

MY neighbour and I live in a pair of semi-detached bungalows which we are buying. Although there is a number of similar properties in the locality, we have made ours look particularly attractive by adding one or two special features. A local estate company has photographed our bungalows and a notice appears in its window and literature to the effect that similar bungalows are for sale. Is this legal? We were not approached.—A. M., Brighton.

● There is nothing to prevent the company taking and publishing a photograph of your bungalows without your consent and it would not be acting illegally in doing this.

If, however, the design of the bungalows is original and the company has copied it you would have a claim for infringement of copyright, should you suffer loss by the action.

IT'S ALL ROT

IN my cellar there is a beam affected by dry rot. I have been told to cut it out and to burn off a fungus on the walls. How should I treat the walls afterwards?—H. J., Chiswick, London.

● You should remove all the affected timbers, and brick surfaces burned with a blowlamp.

New timbers should be treated with insecticide and so should brickwork, as fungus can travel through it.

Adequate ventilation, in the form of windows and airbricks, is a necessity to prevent a recurrence.

YOU'VE BEEN MISLED

I AM sixty and was an employed person up till thirteen years ago. Since then I have been self-employed and have been told that, as I am self-employed, I cannot qualify for a pension until I reach the age of seventy.—A. R., Kingham, Oxon.

● You have been misinformed. Provided that you retire from regular employment you can make a claim for pension on reaching the age of sixty-five.

CLEANING TIME

HOW can I tell when my car needs to be decarbonized?—T. H., Orpington.

● A sign that an engine needs decarbonizing—and, even more important, that valves require grinding-in—is "pinkish" or knocking, under sharp acceleration.

Another sign is if you have to use a

lower gear than usual on a familiar hill.

SOMETHING ON ACCOUNT

ARE the loans which are now obtainable from the banks available to everybody or only to those with special qualifications?—G. B., Hull.

● The new type of loan is available only to existing customers. No security is required as the banks making the loans rely entirely on their knowledge of the customer concerned.

WHAT'S MY SCHEDULE

I AM going to buy the house in which I live. Can you tell me in what way it will affect my income tax? I am taking a mortgage for £200.—S. B., Maltby.

● You will become liable for the Schedule "A" tax, but you will get relief on the mortgage interest you pay.

SLUGGISH CURRENT

THE Yorkshire Electricity Board recently took three weeks to return the electric motors of my small workshop under the voltage standardization scheme. Can I claim compensation for loss of earnings?—F. S., Leeds.

● Under the Electricity Act, 1947, the Ministry of Fuel and Power has power to make regulations governing the change of voltage and unless your motors were adapted to the new voltage

the Electricity Board could refuse to supply you with current.

In the circumstances you describe you could only succeed in a claim against the Board if you could show that the delay in adapting your motors was unreasonable and, as this would no doubt be difficult to prove, it would not be worth while incurring legal costs.

CLEARANCE APPEAL

IF I hold a parcel of ground rents affected by a clearance order, can I refuse to sell, or can I refuse to allow the land to be used for building purposes after it has been cleared?—H. N., Bristol.

● The local authority has full power under the Town and Country Acts of 1953-54 to compel owners to sell land to them if it is required under a planning scheme.

If agreement cannot be reached regarding the conditions of purchase the vendor would be able to appeal to the Minister of Housing and Local Government.

FLAT RATE

MY father died recently and has left me a house which I have handed over to my two married sons. They have converted it into two self-contained flats and occupy them with their families. Will the property be rated as flats instead of as a single house?—Mrs. B., Cardiff.

● As the house has been converted into two separately owned flats, each will be assessed separately for rates. The assessment will be based on the "rent value" of each flat, i.e. the rent it could reasonably be expected to attract if let to a tenant.

DEATHBED DUTY

CAN you let me know whether it is still three years before money given to a family becomes free from death duty?—S. S., Birmingham.

● No estate duty is payable unless the

total value of the estate exceeds £3,000. If the value exceeds that figure any gifts made within five years of the testator's decease will form part of the estate and be liable for duty.

MY DAUGHTER'S MY KEEPER

I AM a widower and will reach the age of sixty-five next March, when I shall retire. I receive the housekeeper allowance for my daughter, who is now going out to work. If she does so before March will I continue to receive the allowance?—W. H., Derby.

● As you have had your daughter acting as housekeeper for part of the tax year you are entitled to housekeeper relief for the whole of the year.

PART-TIME CHILDREN

AS a childless couple my husband and I thought we would like to take a child in at weekends and perhaps on holidays. Where should I apply?—Mrs. J., Hampstead, London.

● Write to the London County Council, Children's Department, County Hall, S.E.1. The Council has a large number of children in its care and welcomes offers of help such as yours.

EAT LIKE A GUINEA PIG

TWO months ago my daughter was given a nine-week-old guinea pig. Now, to her surprise, it has had five babies. We feed them on beetroot, carrots, turnips, bran, grass and dandelion leaves. What can I use when dandelions are no longer available?—Mrs. J. H., Battle, Sussex.

● A balanced diet for your pet would be carrots, apple peelings and cores. Guinea pigs also like hay, corn and coarse porridge oats.

WIPER GREMLINS

THE windscreen wipers of my car have failed several times lately. On each occasion I've replaced the fuse, but the wipers still fail—sometimes as little as half an hour later. What causes this?—A. N., Belfast.

● Other electrical auxiliaries on the same circuit, trafficators, are more suspect, but more likely the fault is in the windscreen-wiper motor unit.

The most economical remedy is its replacement.

SNOWPROOF ROOF

DURING the winter we get snow blowing under the roof tiles. I can reach the places it blows in from the inside of the house. How can I prevent this happening again this year?—J. O., Birmingham.

● It would probably be best for you to have a builder's inspection or a public health inspector.

One solution is the laying of bituminous underfelt over roof rafters before nailing on tile battens. This would keep out snow or rain blown under the tile laps by strong winds.

In your case it may be possible for boarding and underfelt to be fixed inside the roof—under expert guidance.

INVISIBLE SHELVES

IS there any way to build adjustable shelves in an alcove without ugly battens or brackets showing?—P. O'B., Belfast.

● Yes, I have just heard of some new invisible brackets called "Magic" shelf wires. In order to use these, you must line the sides of your alcove with wood, to support the shelves. Pairs of holes are then drilled to take the ends of the "Magic" wire, wherever you want shelves.

The ends of the wire are pushed into the holes, and shelves with narrow slots cut into their ends, slipped over them.

The wires hold the shelves firmly and invisibly. "Magic" wires can be bought at most ironmongers in four sizes, 6½ in., 7 in., 7½ in., and 9½ in., and cost about 1s. to 1s. 6d. a dozen.

How to make rugs safe

I HAVE a polished wooden floor in my sitting-room with loose rugs on it. The only trouble about this is that the rugs slip about all over the floor, which is quite dangerous if you are carrying a tray or in a hurry. Is there anything that I can do to keep the rugs in their place without spoiling the floor?—Mrs. L. T., Kilmarnock.

● A good remedy is to stick strips of foam plastic draughtproofing strip under the corners as shown in this picture. This clings to the floor and stops the rugs moving. This strip, called Stick-a-Seal, can be bought at most ironmongers.



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HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet for that December 3 £1,000 Joy Wire.

Britain's Baby
A Job For Tomorrow
In Time For Christmas
Heir To The Throne
A Firm Foundation
The Red Dragon
My Family
All Ended Happily And
Man On The Beat
Cut-throat Competition

In A Little Bundle
Dad's Utopia
Jazz, Rock, Skiffle
Picking Up
The New Robot
Whitest Of The White
Sickening
Lad With A Flick-knife
Playing Merry Hell
He's A Hustler, So

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

With A.....On Funny Idea Of.....
Full Of Good.....Untold.....
Made The Neighbours.....If.....'s Not Careful

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,163 Result:

£500 plus Christmas
Feast Award:
R. A. Constance, 3 Francis
Street, Cheltenham:

**Goal For Mankind—
Two Piles, Discarded
Battledress!**

£25 plus Xmas Feast: K.
Storr, 24 South Street,
Greasborough, Rotherham: Found
In The Book—Recipe For "Apple-
pie" World.

£10 plus Xmas Feast: F.
Underwood, 42 North-
field Crescent, Driffield: Chinese
Puzzle—Chiang's 400,000,000 Tax
Evaders!

£9 C. A. Knight, 27 Hawkshead
Street, Southport: The
Commonwealth Tree — Seasoned
With The Changes.

£8 W. Molyneux, 114 Hen-
shall Avenue, Latchford,
Warrington: Life's Gold—From Sol,
Soil, Soul.

£7 E. R. Hodgson, 9 George
Street, Hedon, Hull: We're
In A Fog, But—Hailsham's "Gong-
ing"—Mac's "Tooting"—!

£6 H. Wilson, 144 Victoria
Avenue, Porthcawl: All
Starry-eyed—Until House-agent's
"Astronomical" Figures!

For £5 and £2 10s.
winners see *Bullets*
Bulletin, 100 Birthday
Specials and "Good
Shot" Awards have also
been posted.

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received; others in order
of merit. The test is of
cleverness, aptness and
originality.

2. Editor undertakes that
all Bullets received shall
be accorded careful con-
sideration by competent
adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose
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coupon. Fee submitted
will be taken to cover
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—any sent in excess will
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paper entries are allowed
at 1s. per Bullet. Make
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name and address on
back. Coupons must
not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by
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Contest (in JOHN BULL
dated December 20),
also Editor's decision in
any matter of dispute,
are accepted as final
and legally binding.
Odham's employees (and
families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Hera's" on
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